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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

THE CRITICAL FACULTY OF THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS
Herschel Brickell of the Evening Post; *Harry Hansen of the* World-Telegram; *John Chamberlain of the* Times; *Lewis Gannett of the* Herald-Tribune; *and William Soskin of the* American. *(This illustration designed by R. Biemiller.)*

"Malefactors of Great Wealth"

THE ROBBER BARONS. By Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is a *tour de force.* The author of three interesting literary studies, Mr. Josephson has stepped into the field of economic history to give us a swiftly moving, vividly written, factually detailed panorama of the more aggressive and unscrupulous side of American business from 1861 to 1901. His book may be described as a rapid synthesis of the information now most readily available upon the ruthless entrepreneurs, the predatory industrialists, of these crowded forty years. It is based throughout, except for use of some Congressional reports, upon secondary materials, and is almost innocent of special research; it is obviously written by a man not expert either in American history or in economics. Its consistently critical and often hostile tone makes little pretense to balance or impartiality. But if accepted with these limitations—and they are of course important limitations—it has many merits. It is interesting in the best possible way, not through overwriting, but the play of incident, personality, and drama. It is a valuable summary of data which, while not always accurate and frequently *ex parte*, are in general dependable enough, and are pieced together with skill. And it achieves the author's intention of making a horrifying general picture.

Mr. Josephson, whose instinct for effective presentation of his material amounts to an unusual gift, deals with individuals rather than with whole industries, or with business as a closely knit fabric. Nearly all the great captains are here: Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Frick, Hill, Harriman, Stanford, Huntington, Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts, William C. Whitney, and even men still

(Continued on page 522)

A Crowded Tapestry

THE FOOL OF VENUS. By George Cronyn. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONE of the first things that occurs to me to say is that, even in these difficult times, this novel is really worth three dollars. It is not "overstuffed," either, it is solidly packed with romantic history. Of course, you have to like the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, you have to be interested in the troubadours of Provence, and even, later on, in the Albigenses. This is not exactly the book for one who is bored by historical lore—as no intelligent person really is.

But, in spite of the fact that "The Fool of Venus" is, to me, a real gift from the gods and one of the most satisfying of recent historical novels, I must still feel that no one could order these matters in our time, as did the late Maurice Hewlett—plunge you in *medias res,* build background by sheer magic, convey to the reader that marvellous feeling of being inside the story himself. One does not quite feel that with Mr. Cronyn. One is always *reading* him.

Mr. Cronyn's accumulation of material;

(Continued on page 521)

March

By ALEXANDER LAING

NOW March, perceptive of our dearth,
Grows passionate with wind and rain;
And up the beaches of the Earth
The gray horse flaunts a silver mane.

The leeward cathead lifts and drowns.
Taut lines are shrieking on the sheaves;
And houses huddle in their towns,
Great finger gripping at the eaves.

Blow shrill! O drench us to the bone!
Let heaven and hearth and hilltop quake
To reach, beneath an icy stone,
This flower that nothing less could wake.

Front-Line Reviewing

A Symposium by the New York Book Columnists

We have asked the five daily reviewers of New York who sample the new books as they come from the presses to write of the nature of their highly specialized task, and to indicate the rules covering a kind of criticism so different from that which the less immediate comment of the weekly and monthly journals makes possible. What books are news, how news can be made from them, how the columnists select from the multitude of new books, how far their own tastes and prejudices affect their choice, these and similar questions the public asks of critics who usually have the first chance to pass upon the new books. Their answers are below. We have reproduced at the beginning of each article the heading which appears over the reviewer's daily column in his own paper.

Reading and Writing

—By William Soskin—

SINCE I believe thoroughly in the immediately utilitarian aspect of any editorial assignment, in serving the particular public and the special tone of the medium for which one writes, I cannot generalize very easily regarding the functions of the New York Book Reviewer. His function will vary according to the paper, the page, and the policy he serves. His first duty, it seems to me, is a newspaperman's duty—that of writing a column which will stand on its own legs as an informative, entertaining contribution to his paper. If I were a managing editor and could not find a man to write such a feature, I would eliminate the book column entirely.

It makes no more sense to write analyses of Proustian fiction for the readers of the *Daily News* than it does to write libertarian-anarchist pieces for the readers of the *Herald Tribune* or Marxist dialectics for *The New Yorker.* In order to make newspaper sense the New York reviewer must, in other words, reach some sort of compromise with his personal standards, modulate and vary his tone, and have respect for the instrument upon which he is performing.

With that fundamental consideration in mind, I find that reviewers' obligations and duties fall into a number of categories:

1. The reviewer owes it to his public to keep them informed regarding the most important, most timely, most entertaining books published from day to day. He must write of these books so that any given reader, though he may be interested in the comment, will not be misled into reading a work which will not suit his taste. The reviewer must, at the same time, suggest the spirit or the special distinction of a book in so marked a fashion that those of his readers who are qualified will recognize the work as their special interest. All that seems rather obvious and elementary. Actually it is one of the most difficult of newspaper assignments. It involves reviewing a book in the spirit in which it was written, maintaining a certain degree of critical detachment, and keeping the review always within the understanding of the general reader who appreciates very little of the specific subject involved.

2. The reviewer owes it to the author of a work under consideration and to the body of criticism of which his work, no matter how transient and immediate it may be, becomes a part, to suggest the significance of the book in the contemporary literary pattern. He should be able to transmit whatever genuine excitement he may feel regarding the book to his public. On the other hand he should be free to slam where the slamming is needed.

Here the reviewer's personal prejudices and tastes are, of course, a problem. If he remains an innocuous back-slapper his authority is emasculated in short order. He must assume the role of the critic to a certain extent; but I think that his criticism, because of the special nature of his position as a newspaper writer who reflects the daily run of books, must be governed by a catholic taste and a versatile mind. The newspaper critic who holds Sinclair Lewis up to Nobel Prize standards even when the man writes a light and deliberately effervescent book, is writing in a vacuum. The reviewer who cannot afford to forget the ghosts of Fielding, Thackeray, Jane Austen, and Dickens every time he reviews an English novel, or who must drag in the absolute Joycean or Proustian standards every time a harmlessly bright young person produces a story moderately affected by the literary gods, is something of an unimaginative ass.

I have read dozens of articles on "Are Reviewers Critics?" Most of them forget the fact that a genuinely cultured person can accept the present merits and the present excitements of a seasonal flow of books, or plays, or music, without for a moment polluting his basic feelings regarding Shelley, Molière, and Bach. To the question, "Are Reviewers Critics?" I would answer that they are more than critics. They are writers who have to combine the purely literary critical function with other complex functions as daily, utilitarian writers. If the reviewer is too much of a critic, too much of an absolutist,

This Week

THE MENACE OF RECOVERY
By WILLIAM MACDONALD
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS
By GERTRUDE STEIN
Reviewed by George Stevens

WITHIN THE GATES
By SEAN O'CASEY
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds

RIDGEWAYS
By FRANCES RENARD
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THIS MUCH IS MINE
By NOLA HENDERSON
Reviewed by Gladys Graham

CAN WE LIMIT WAR?
By HOFFMAN NICKERSON
Reviewed by Frank H. Simonds

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

LOUIS BROMFIELD
By FRIEDA INESCORT

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too much of an eccentric who exercises his prejudices and peculiarly personal tastes in public, he is bound to fail. If, on the other hand, he acquires the habit of merely reporting on books and avoiding critical statement he will lose the individuality and the personal touch which are essential in newspaper columning.

It is also part of the reviewer's job, I think, to work with the conditions of the publishing industry in mind. The marketing of books is so organized that the national popularity of a given work depends, to some extent, on its New York reception. It is therefore essential that a book be reviewed and started on its happy or dismal career promptly. A few weeks' delay is often enough to kill a book's prospects, regardless of its merits. Here, too, however, the reviewer must make something of a compromise, or he will find himself overwhelmed by commercial consideration in the treatment of books, no matter how pure his heart.

I have held editorial positions in all sorts of newspapers and in all branches of the amazingly complex organization that produces the daily newspaper. I have never found a task quite so involved as this business of book reviewing.

* *

William Soskin until his recent acceptance of the literary editorship of the New York American, *held a similar position on the* New York Evening Post.

The First Reader

By HARRY HANSEN

When I first began reviewing for the daily newspaper I found that many reviewers were addressing only a small segment of readers in terms that demanded technical knowledge. I longed to do this myself, as the academic attitude appealed to me. But plain common sense dictated that a book review in a newspaper should be written for the general reader and tell him whether the book had qualities that would interest him.

The newspaper also demanded timeliness. That is, it wanted reviews of books that were being talked about, and not of books that had been published a year ago. Here I found myself in a dilemma. I had to read books that were coming out, and I had to read books that I wanted to read. Sometimes these were the same books, sometimes not. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could not review adequately. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review adequately. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could not review at all. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with gusto. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a sneer. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a superior air. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a humble spirit. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a patronizing attitude. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a critical mind. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a receptive mind. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a prejudiced mind. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind open to conviction. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind closed to conviction. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was neutral. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was biased. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was unbiased. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was open to conviction. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was closed to conviction. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was neutral. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was biased. Sometimes I had to read books that I knew beforehand I could review with a mind that was unbiased.

out of consideration for the reader. (There is nothing more boring in the world than the reviewer who announces "I am an impressionist," or "I am a communist," in his every opening or closing paragraph, and, besides, it is an insult to the reader's intelligence.)

When I commenced writing a daily column on books, some people (not connected with *The New York Times*) urged that I give brief résumé of three or four books per day. Now, there is an art in writing brief reviews, but not in writing three or four brief reviews every twenty-four hours. Alluding to many books in spasmodic fashion may please the boys and girls who do publicity, for it gives them tangible evidence to paste in their scrap books or to stick away in brown envelopes. But I don't see how it succeeds either in presenting books, or in interesting the reader, or in creating business for the book stores. It leads to perfunctory reading, to complete absence of thought, and I can imagine no one following a column of brief paragraphs for very long. It is a better tactic, I think, to read with some degree of thoroughness some five or six books a week and to comment on them at length. Then, if one is sufficiently interesting or sufficiently trusted, one may succeed in selling a book to a reader now and then. The point is that the reader, if he follows a column religiously (are there any such column readers?), will turn out to be a better book buyer in the end than the stray person who sees an occasional "rave" or an occasional paragraph on a book in his field and hurries in to make his purchase.

One should not, I think, tell in too great detail what is to be found inside the covers of a given book. It is unfair to the author, and unfair to the reader. A reviewer is supposed to be leading a person to a book (or keeping him away), not usurping the function of the reader by digesting literature for him. The revelation of fiction plots, beyond a bare minimum necessary to making critical points, seems to me idiotic. Of course, these rules do not apply to strictly *news* books, such as Carleton Beals's "The Crime of Cuba," or Schacht's "The End of Reparations." A news book should be gutted of its contents in the interests of good daily journalism.

One should, of course, attempt to relate each book to the forces at loose in the world and in literature. And one should (if platitudes are in order) not let shibboleths stand in the way of inspection of new ideas. It is always well to remember that inasmuch as Saint Thomas Aquinas was not the key to the sixteenth century, people like Adam Smith, Isaac Newton, or even Charles Darwin, may not be the key to the twentieth. Whenever anyone says that capitalism, for instance, either can or cannot last because "Robert Owen said so-and-so in 1835," I get my back up. 1835 is not 1934, and "other things" are never equal. If one makes a practice of getting at the unthinking postulates that condition a book, one can do a much more stimulating job. It is the business of a writer to question his own premises before writing a book; if he hasn't, you can be pretty sure that he isn't worth very much creatively. (On these grounds I would throw out of court both Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery" and William Z. Foster's "Toward Soviet America," both books by "yes-men." Salter is saying "yes" to his undergraduate education; Foster to his party. Loyalty isn't worth much as a literary principle, whatever it may be worth in politics.)

The foregoing paragraphs are brash, and probably not very illuminating. And they are worthless if a reviewer cannot be amusing in the bargain. Finally, since all arteries must harden, they are ultimately a counsel of perfection which no one can live up to. In 1950 (if I survive the intervening years) someone will no doubt be catching me up for saying, "This must be true, for Nils Bohr, or John Strachey, or George Soule said so-and-so and thus-and-thus in 1935."

Before becoming the daily reviewer for The New York Times *last September, John Chamberlain had been assistant editor of* The Saturday Review, *and previously of the* Times Book Review.

Viewing With Alarm

THE MENACE OF RECOVERY. What the New Deal Means. By William MacDonald. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. MACDONALD is much disturbed over the state of the nation. After ten months of Roosevelt, we are living under "a presidential dictatorship with a pronounced socialist interest." While our present form of government is not quite socialism or not quite fascism ("either form is wholly un-American and both are revolutionary") it combines, apparently, the worst features of both; and the line of demarcation between it and true socialism is being "rapidly and thoroughly obliterated." What is worse, Mr. Roosevelt sneaked up on us when we weren't looking; people who heard his campaign speeches in 1932 never dreamed what he was going to do in 1933. "It may well be doubted if any considerable portion of the business community would have rallied to his support if it had been known or suspected that private and corporate rights were to be invaded wholesale, labor unions given a throttle hold, and industry and trade reduced to servitude."

This "enthronement of labor unions" seems to worry Mr. MacDonald more than anything else (which is saying a good deal). "Employers must deal not only with any union which the employees may choose or be induced to form but with any representatives of that union whom the employees may designate." ("Inducement," apparently, is never applied to employees who join a company union.) But that is by no means all of the offense; the farmers have been regimented, the currency has been debased, "banking today is virtually a government function," and "from a fifth to a fourth of the population is subsisting, in one way or another, on government doles." The recovery program is "shot through with economic fallacies and social vagaries," and the end of its first period shows "at best only scattered, fragmentary, and largely fictitious gains."

Relentlessly, Mr. MacDonald reviews the works of the administration, and over one after another he shakes his head and says, "Dear, dear." Then, after an unbroken list of condemnations, one comes suddenly upon this: "It may well be doubted whether any single measure of the recovery program did so much as the beer and wine act to relieve the feeling of depression which for more than three years had rested on the public mind."

It looks as if Mr. MacDonald has spent the last two years in a vacuum chamber, or perhaps in a bathysphere on the bottom of the sea, connected with the outer world only by a tube through which he received food, water, and files of the *New York Times* and *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*. Now and then he does concede that there existed, up to and on March 4, 1933, hard times and unemployment; once or twice, as in the sentence quoted above, he even recognizes that a feeling of depression had rested on the public mind. But of what all that amounted to, socially and psychologically, he betrays no comprehension. He is not concerned to search for causes, or for cures; he not only does not suggest what ought to have been done, but does not seem to think that anything needed to be done at all, except to wait on the healing hand of Time.

So even if you accept his somewhat grotesque picture of the "enthronement of union labor," and his objections to the endeavor of government to restrict cutthroat overproduction for which there is no market, you can hardly put much faith in an author who does not seem to realize that anything untoward had occurred between 1929 and 1933. He condemns the brain trust for its eagerness to "experiment on the nation," and its inclination to the "perilous path of novelty and change." This is precisely the doctrine of the Republican platform of 1932; "this is no time for experiment." It is rather curious to find it echoed by a former editor of the *Nation, quamvis mutatus ab illo,* at a time when so solid a conservative as Ogden Mills dares lay down no more reactionary a program than old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democracy.

As a handbook of reference the book has some value; the summary of legislation is concise and clear. As argument, it is rather worse than futile. The administration's policies, multifarious and sometimes contradictory, offer plenty of opportunity for criticism and skepticism; but it is hard to see what good can be accomplished by indiscriminate condemnation of everything but beer.

Syllabus of Syllables

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 1934. $1.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ASYBIL is not a symbol.
Not a sybil.
A sybil is a cymbal not a symbol.
A word is not a symbol not when the syllables are the sybil's.

They say the word is not a symbol. They are the sybarites of the sybil. They are the sycophants of the syllable.

They are the sycophant sybarites of the sybil's sibillant syllables.

In the beginning was the word. It was not the third. Who was the third? There was Picasso and there was Whitehead and there was herself the sybil. Sounding brass and tinkling sybils.

Four sybils in three acts four sybils sounds well but there is only one sybil and the sybil only puts on one act. It is the same act always.

Four sybils in three acts sounds tinkling sounds brass but a sybil is not a symbol alas. Pigeons on the grass alas is pigeon English.

The sybil has sycophants the sybil has sibillants the sybil has syllables the sybil is simple. The sybil does not have to eat her words. They say therefore the sybil is not silly but there is only one sybil. There is only one syllable. Bull.

A SCENE FROM THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION OF "FOUR SAINTS."

Sean O'Casey's Symbolic Drama

WITHIN THE GATES. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $1.75.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

O'CASEY'S four previously published plays have revealed his prepossession with a fluid, episodic form of the drama. In all these plays he hurls loosely-knit episodes in the lives of his Dublin tenement dwellers against the background of an Ireland tumultuous with the shock of war and rebellion. In this new play, "Within the Gates," he has exchanged the people who huddle in the slums north of the Liffey for a group of Londoners, Ireland at war for England in depression, the Dublin

SEAN O'CASEY
From a drawing by Evan Walters

tenements for a London park, creating a pageant, a parade of people and events in a sharp staccato rhythm begot by episodes each of which leaps to a climax to fall into another which drives equally swiftly to its peak and culmination.

The central character in this play is Jannice, a prostitute, haunted by the fear of hell, harassed by the problem of the poor as to how to live, troubled by the vision her incomplete education and reading have awakened in her, clutched by the fear of death.

About her O'Casey rears his pageant. Jannice's mother, her stepfather, her lover, and her father are the main characters. But there are many people who contribute their presence and voice to the pageant: park chair attendants, nursemaids, evangelists, platform speakers—all these in pairs; a gardener, a guardsman, the Bishop's sister, a young man in plus-fours, a young Salvation Army Officer, and a group of the Down-and-Outs.

The whole play is shot through with symbolism, but it is not the delicate, pale plaiting of the French Decadents, but a rough, red, raging symbolism that will send shocks of emotion to the people who sit before it. Not only is there such visual symbolism as the Bishop's crook-like stick and the swelling crescent of Venus worn by the prostitute and the Scarlet Woman but also the great Father-Child theme of the "Odyssey" and its modern analogue, Joyce's "Ulysses," and the drama of Christ's incarnation and life on earth.

This play, like so much of the violent and rebellious realism of our day, has been born of a great fear—the fear of being deceived. That fear explains O'Casey's hate of religion and all those who have taken morality for their mission: religion to O'Casey is the Great Deception. And yet as a dramatist he loves what he hates because, like sex and the music which fills this play, it emotionalizes people, begets vivid and intense moments of life in which as a dramatist he glories.

And for all its hysteria and misery-begotten ferocity, for all its excesses—its over-accented, shrill dynamics, its love of shocking for the sake of shocking, its sentimentality, its unrelieved grimness, its constant double fortissimo,—it is a powerful play, Elizabethan in its youthfulness, intensity, language, and, to some extent, its structure.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Lecturing

The literature of lecturing is scant, remarkably scant in comparison with the vast library of secondary books that deal with belles lettres, its history, its nature, and its worth. And surely no one will be able to write the intellectual history of our times in America, or for that matter the pre-Civil War period here, or the mid-nineteenth century in Great Britain, or the Renaissance in Italy, without such a study of the public lecture as has not yet been attempted. We have chapters on Boccaccio's lectures on Dante, a few studies of the Lyceum lecture which spread from New England to the Middle West, many accounts of famous individual lecturers, as of the precise Emerson, of Arnold who could not usually be heard on the back benches, of famous *conférences* in France, of platform performers like Mark Twain and Dickens, but no documented history of what certainly has been one of the powerful social agencies, and particularly in the United States.

One reason for this lack is that scholars and historians have thought of lectures in the root sense of the word, as readings, and it has been assumed that the famous lectures have all been published, and that we possess and have estimated them as literature, or as education. But this is not true, either in the university lecture, or in the public lecture which is the form that, here in America, would be the most interesting to study and discuss. Even read lectures are seldom given (as has been proved in Emerson's case) in the form in which they are finally printed, while every lecture addict knows that the most effective lectures are those which never have been written down, and never will be. They are projectiles shaped for the immediate target, and even when the title remains the same in different deliveries, are as different as the audiences to whom they are addressed.

The public lecture, which has been such an important and such an unnoted factor in the intellectual life of America, is usually of this type. It has been our chief means of adult education. The British are scornful of the celerity with which thousands of Americans, women in particular, rush from lecture hall to lecture hall, although they are not unwilling to fill their pockets with the proceeds of what they call a vice, and to profit by the known weakness of lecture-goers for a "name." And yet the taunt can be turned the other way. Public lecturing of the kind that is best described as adult education has never appealed to the erudite and the sophisticated anywhere. They prefer to read or talk, and only an exceptional performance will induce them to sit for an hour in a hot hall. Popular lecturing is for those on the upgrade intellectually and esthetically, men and women who are accumulating after a poverty-stricken youth, and who have not yet reached the point where they can live on their intellectual capital by turning it over themselves. And where public lecturing is highly successful only one inference can be drawn, which is that in spite of superficiality, intellectual snobbery, the desire to get cultured quickly, and the other diseases of lecture-going, the population that makes the lectures successful is alive intellectually, awake to education, desirous of a richer intellectual life. In both Great Britain and the United States the erudite and sophisticated do not much attend lectures. But what might be called the upper middle class of the intellectual world in Great Britain are content with their minds, uninterested in what lecturers can give them, static: in the United States they are pathetically clamorous for more knowledge, more power over culture, more vision. Any skilful British lecturer, and some very unskilful ones, can make a living in America, and no American lecturer, skilful or unskilful, can pay his expenses in Great Britain, but the reflection to be made is certainly not upon the American lecturer or upon America. Significantly, the best audiences for popular lectures in Great Britain are to be found among the laboring classes—who are not content with their intellectual equipment.

A public lecture of the spoken variety has a technique quite different from the essay or the essay read as a lecture. A good popular lecturer who speaks, not reads, will have only a few points to make, often only one, and the meat of his address could be packed in a half dozen matured and carefully worded paragraphs. But his argument is as flexible as his voice should be. His audience is his orchestra. He brings them into a rhythmic harmony and, knowing the piece he must play with them, interprets and adapts it to their mood and capacity. But this is much too rigid an analogy. A good lecturer will reach after comprehension and pursue it. He will repeat without being repetitive, expand without being diffuse, stretch an exposition until he has found the precise illustration which for that audience opens the crowd mind to conviction. And yet he is not arguing really; he is no stump speaker. His purpose is to find or make that degree of emotional warmth at which ideas can enter into brains in a temperature where they can live long enough to make their mark. This is why he traverses only a little space in logic or theory. The reader of an essay takes only what he can and often not what he ought; the audience of the lecturer can be made to take what in the brevity of a written paragraph might never reach it. A good public lecture is the successful development by variants of a single theme.

And if too many lecturers have never mastered this art, and too many audiences never appreciate it, that is in part because criticism has never dignified it with the importance its history deserves.

Although he is over eighty, Sir James Frazer, author of "The Golden Bough," is reported to be at work on a new book. He is at present in Paris, undergoing treatments by an eye specialist.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE ROBBER BARONS. By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. *Harcourt, Brace.* Biographical studies of some of America's great industrialists.

A WARNING TO WANTONS. By MARY MITCHELL. *Doubleday, Doran.* The tale of a beautiful worldling who set a court by its ear.

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE. By LAUREN GILFILLAN. *Viking.* A chronicle of the coal mines.

This Less Recent Book:

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY. By A. A. MILNE. *Dutton.* A really good detective yarn.

"I'VE JUST SOLD AN ARTICLE TO *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*."

To the Editor: *Emotional Appeal in Modern Fiction*

Revitalizing Literature

SIR: Mrs. Wharton's analysis, in a recent *Saturday Review*, of the decay of literary vitality should be convincing to everyone except the optimists who still find greatness everywhere. But the situation may be a little worse than she thinks, for she neglected one of the important adjuncts of any art, the audience. It is as true of the consumers as of the creators of literature that "the rejection of the past has definitely impoverished the present*," and it is a rare artist who finds it psychologically possible to work in a vacuum. The only people who can write with any conviction today are those who have something to say which is comprehensible to a fair number of readers.

Ira D. Sankey singing "The Ninety and Nine" produced an emotion in our parents which probably nobody singing anything could produce today; the receptive background is no longer there. Certainly the emotion which Sankey touched is gone, and others too; Mrs. Wharton herself is an instance. It has been contended that "The Age of Innocence" is the last great American love story because people do not feel that way any more. Possibly not many of them could feel that way in 1880, but at least the thing was regarded as conceivable. In 1920, when "The Age of Innocence" appeared, there were still many readers who remembered that it had once been conceivable; yet that book owed most of its success to its brilliance as an antiquarian reconstruction of manners, not of morals. Nothing of comparable emotional appeal has since been written, and the reason may be not only that we have not the writers but that we have not the readers who would know what the writers were talking about. McFee's "No Castle in Spain" is probably as good a contemporary love story as could be written. The old melodic line is there, the bodily and spiritual need of a man and a woman for each other; but the harmonies with which our ancestors would have orchestrated the melody are gone, and McFee has had to do as much as he could without them.

The diligent endeavors of a thousand circulating-library novelists have proved that promiscuity is no satisfactory substitute for the old-fashioned romantic love as literary material; with the consequence that serious contemporary writers more and more drop the love interest in the background. The question remains whether there are any emotions deeply enough and widely enough felt in the society of the present to make literature of any emotional appeal possible. In 1932 it began to look as if there was no emotion left in America but that ironic self-depreciation which was a concomitant, if not a cause, of the decay and downfall of the late Austrian Empire. Mr. Roosevelt, however, discerned some other emotions, appealed to them, and stimulated them—indignation, courage, and hope. If it turns out that his faith is justified by his works, he may have made in the long run an immense contribution to the revitalizing of American literature.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

* Our readers may recall Mrs. Wharton's sentence from which Mr. Davis quotes: "It begins to look as though the rejection of the past—accidental, enforced at first, but now, it must be supposed, deliberate—has definitely impoverished the present."

Clues to Joyce's "Ulysses"

SIR: In your issue of February 10, there was an elegant two-page advertisement of the handsome Random House edition of "Ulysses," which was offered as "a simple clue" to that work. As one who has been vastly amused by Joyce's more solemn exegetists in their wilder efforts to elucidate the most obscure trivialities of Dublin life in 1904, I feel compelled to draw attention, before it is too late, to a couple of details which may one day be adopted by the aforesaid exegetists.

The picture numbered 1 is described as a "Round Tower . . . like the one where Stephen Dedalus and Buck Mulligan have breakfast." The picture does, it is true, show a round tower, one of the many such towers which are a peculiarity of early Irish ecclesiastical architecture. In fact, so far as the blurred picture reveals anything, this seems to be the round tower at Clondalkin, a village outside Dublin city, which possesses a very fine specimen. But the tower at Sandycove, where Dedalus and Buck Mulligan lived, was and is a Martello tower, a modern structure, dating from the early nineteenth century, and once used for coast defence. When abandoned as obsolete, these towers were frequently fitted up as summer residences by people who liked the novelty of the thing. The difference between the two structures is roughly that between Notre Dame and a Cherbourg lighthouse.

Picture number 4 is called "The Beach: Dublin Bay where Bloom goes to rest from his wanderings." Actually it is a picture of a once fashionable watering-place called Bray, in the adjoining County Wicklow, and does not play any part in Joyce's story. Dublin Bay is invisible from Bray, unless viewed from the top of Bray Head, the hill shown in the photograph.

Although correctly labelled "The Museum," picture 2 is a peculiar snapshot of a corner of the building, and shows neither the entrance opposite the Library—the main entrance, from which one would naturally proceed to the Library—nor the only other entrance to the building, in another block. It so happens the Library and Museum entrances are identical. Maybe this tricky shot is designed to puzzle the uninitiated.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York City.

Old Burnsides

SIR: For years I have been waging a lonely and losing battle against the use of the strange, unmeaning word "sideburns" for a certain form of whisker. It is growing in frequency on the pages of our best writers—I believe it was in "Anthony Adverse" I last saw it. I heard it last evening on the lips of a lecturer. . . .

Now everyone who lived within hailing distance of the Civil War must know that General Burnside wore his whisker in a way which gave it his name. In the supplementary volume of the Century Dictionary "burnsides" is given as "a style of beard such as that affected by General Burnside." There is no mention of its corruption.

Do you think use is going to sanction the inversion? If not will you do what you can to scotch the absurdity?

A. L. T.

Germantown, Pa.

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The South in Pride and Degradation

RIDGEWAYS. By Frances Renard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is easy to romanticize over the South, and difficult to see it truly; and no wonder, for the South, like Greece in the time of the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars, is a true Aristotelian protagonist of tragedy among nations. That the South made a life which, whatever its fatal flaws, was very lovely, and that after the Civil War the South was so beaten down as to give up the struggle to rise, finding excuse in circumstance for indulging herself in weakness, and adding, like the Euripidean Hecuba, the tragedy of the soul to the tragedy of circumstance—this story seems to call for rhetoric and exaggeration. And so we have had innumerable sabers-and-roses tales in which every gentleman's house seems to be the size of Blenheim Palace; or we have the stories of Mr. William Faulkner, whose characters, with their idiot sons, their incests, their uncontrollable passions, and fantastic conceptions of honor, are as plainly the decadent aristocrats of the extreme romantic tradition as are the inhabitants of "Udolpho" and its brood of crumbling castles on the Rhine or the Apennines. The writers who have avoided romanticism have too often been carried into the embittered naturalism of Mr. Thomas Wolfe, who will hardly call Lee brave or Monticello fair. But in "Ridgeways," a novel which touches five generations of the life of a Kentucky family, Miss Frances Renard has achieved the honor of showing, in her characters, the great days and the degradation of the South, and of showing them truly and clearly.

Ridgeways itself is the house of the Hardison family, who, under the system of slavery, are gentlemen farmers, representatives of what was perhaps the only class that could without affectation claim both parts of that phrase. Ridgeways is not presented as a palace, but it is a well-built, well-proportioned, neo-classic house, it is the scene of a good and gracious life, and it is the motive force of the book. When at the end of the Civil War Ben Hardison, who had gone off at fifteen to join the Confederates, comes back, painfully lame from a shrapnel wound and broken in health from a military prison, to find himself an orphan, the slaves gone, the place deserted, it is the look of Ridgeways, looted and wantonly defaced by the Northern army, that completes his despair. It is its stateliness which is still enough to attract Ellen, the daughter of some nomadic squatters, and to make possession of it become the reason of all the rest of her life.

Miss Renard keeps throughout her story her integrity of truthfulness. She sacrifices nothing to the neat shaping of a tragedy; nothing, either, to a conventional happy ending. The first chapters of her book show the life of the slave-holding South, without excess of admiration or blame; the life of Ben, who, we see so clearly, might have saved something of his fortunes if he could have plucked up an ounce more energy in his shot-shattered soul, shows the story of the post-war South, without excess of pity or blame. And the book to the end is equally sincere and sound.

Its faults, however, are undeniable. It has a strong tendency to break up into three or four successive stories; Miss Renard has not quite succeeded in carrying over the interest from Ben to Ellen, from Ellen to her daughter Noncie, from her in turn to her daughter, or to make their stories overlap sufficiently; and the presence of Ridgeways in the background is too remote to hold the book together as it should. Closely connected with this is the tendency to rely too much upon accident; again and again accident comes in, taking at least an important share in settling all the issues of the novel, and in doing so emphasizing its disunity.

Nevertheless, although the book has difficulty in moving as a whole, all the parts are fine, honest work; and even of the movement of the whole we can say that it is wholly convincing in showing Ridgeways as the symbol of a life that was so beautiful, so satisfying to the instinct, that merely working toward it was enough for a whole life. That, when we read the book, we believe; and though we have gone much further than that life, we wonder if we have fared so much better that any of our symbols will be as strong.

Never a Sissy

THIS MUCH IS MINE. By Nola Henderson. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

IN a brisk, conversational, and ground-covering style Nola Henderson presents the Turner family and the Turner Oklahoma farm. The farm and family resemble very little any others of recent fiction. The people are fully alive and far from bowed down by labor, the tempo of the farm is as quick and unpredictable as that of the city. Birth and death, sowing and reaping have taken on an imperative staccato quality under the press of time. There are slow moving characters in the book, but they are put to it to keep out of the way of the two central figures, the Turner women, mother and daughter, whose tremendous energies and thirst for accomplishment set the pace for all concerned.

Jo Turner, the heroine, is six when the book opens. She thinks and talks with an adult quickness. Her vocabulary taken over mainly from her mother leaves little to be desired as to color and expletive. She knows her own mind to a degree and

DRAWING BY RICHARD FLOETHE
From the jacket of "This Much Is Mine"

prefers running away when she is bored with farm life, even with the inevitable whipping, to staying at home when the wandering mood is upon her. With her horned toads always willing to assume any role she assigns them, even those of Ma and Pa Turner, she has no need or desire for the insipidness of dolls. Life crackles in the vicinity of Jo. Something has to happen all the time. Little girls and fiction both have come a long way since another Jo was considered a tomboy.

The Oklahoma farm which Ma Turner inherited from her father, an inheritance that Pa Turner is never for long allowed to forget, forms the very present background of the story, but it knows its place and keeps to it; the foreground is needed for the noisy and constant clash of embattled personalities. To run the Turner farm beyond its present fences, to increase the farm stock in quantity and quality, these become the happy burden of Jo's life. With Ma wedded to old ways and Jo embracing new, the battle rages. Victory goes to the young. In love, however, Jo is predestined to disaster; it is too much of a side issue to receive more than her casual attention.

With the Turners and their farm Nola Henderson has a sure touch; these people are undeniable in their vitality; but when outsiders come on the scene—obviously for contrast—the spell is broken. The little city girl, the teacher, the uncle and aunt are lay figures. "Nice people" are not necessarily as bad as this. But one must admit that it would be difficult for any outsider to take on reality in the presence of the overwhelming and engrossing Turners.

As for Jo herself, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn could never have called her a sissy.

Life in a Convent

FROST IN MAY. By Antonia White. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARAH N. CLEGHORN

AT first there seems nothing more remarkable about this story of children in a convent school of the more puritanic type than its limpid beauty and austere charm. These nuns who take into their thin, calm, remorseless hands the moulding of the hearts of little girls are limned with delicacy and reticence. The fairylike perfection of their routine enchants the rough-and-tumble Protestant reader, and so does their magic success in making modern children prize so dearly pleasures of such extreme simplicity. And the high erected drama of the Catholic year, encrusted with its incessant memorials, appears with real splendor in this small, delicate, and quiet book.

But into the reader's enjoyment, from time to time, a child comes crying, and awakens him with a start. Not circumstances have inflicted this sorrow, but the calm fingers of the nuns themselves, with conscientious care. It is Monica, sent away into disgrace for caricaturing the nuns on the margins of her lesson books; it is Léonie, proud and boyish, who has been removed from the Dante play they are preparing for the visiting Cardinal, because she enjoyed so much doing her part so well; or it is Nanda, the convert's daughter, who is carefully, gently, effectively humiliated, "that the broken will may be reset by God."

When these children appear thus, weeping, the picture of the convent darkens round the reader, and he feels a little ashamed of his previous admiration. He wonders whether these Mothers of the Five Wounds are not really Roman Vestals of the noblest type rather than practitioners of the bold, uncalculating gentleness of the gospels of Matthew and Mark.

But he comes in the end to think it is possible that this story may have been slightly acidulated by the sensitive spirit that relates it. For the closing calamity is not quite credible. Apt as grown-up persons are to be so unduly ashamed before each other when a good child's peccadilloes are suddenly discovered, that they retaliate with absurdly heavy reproaches upon the child, one cannot believe any father would cut the figure in real life that this father cuts upon the page.

It is after this book has been for some time laid aside that two extraordinary facts dawn upon the memory. These full-sized, dignified chief characters, whose fortunes have been so absorbedly followed, are children of fourteen years and under! And these children, receiving a religious education, have never once been reminded of the underdog, nor encouraged to throw indignant arms around him.

A Crowded Tapestry

(*Continued from first page*)

of fascinating facts about the troubadours and jongleurs, for instance; reveals an assiduity in research as marked as Hervey Allen's. But don't think of him as an antiquary. He can give you action—swift action—when you want it. Note this:

> Steel flashed; the litter's forward bearer twisted sideways, dropped the pole, and fell across it. The litter crashed to the ground at that corner. At the same instant a group of beggars flung themselves savagely upon its occupants. But Peire Vidal at the same moment had an inkling as to the nature of the attack. He was unarmed, but he leaped from the litter and struck out with all his might at the grimy bodies and ferocious faces. They drew back, so unexpected was his lunging defence, and he was given a brief space of time to meet them as they closed in again. The shaft of the litter, crashing to the cobbles, had split. He reached down, broke it off close to the frame, and with this sharp stave lunged at the crowd. He smashed hands holding daggers, clouted a pair of ruffians over the head, turned the point into the cheek of a third with bloody effect, and shortly cleared the horde from about the wrecked vehicle.

Note this also about that random paragraph: Hewlett could not possibly have used "at the same instant" in one sentence, and then have followed it by "at the same moment" in the next. I cannot say that Mr. Cronyn has a style.

The narrative moves. There is bloody adventure, there are fine affairs in the Court of Love, there is ripeness and richness to the text. After all, you sail with Richard the Lion on a crusade.

As to crusades, there is the fine chant Peire Vidal made. It said, among other things, "now if our spirits are faint in this war to banish war—" and yet: "It was a chant for the crusade; not for this halting, mistaken, miserable expedition in pursuit of dowries and tribute." That has a modern ring!

There are beautiful and moving passages, as where Vidal spies upon Adélasie des Baux naked with her babe, and Barrale her husband enters her room and cruelly strikes her.

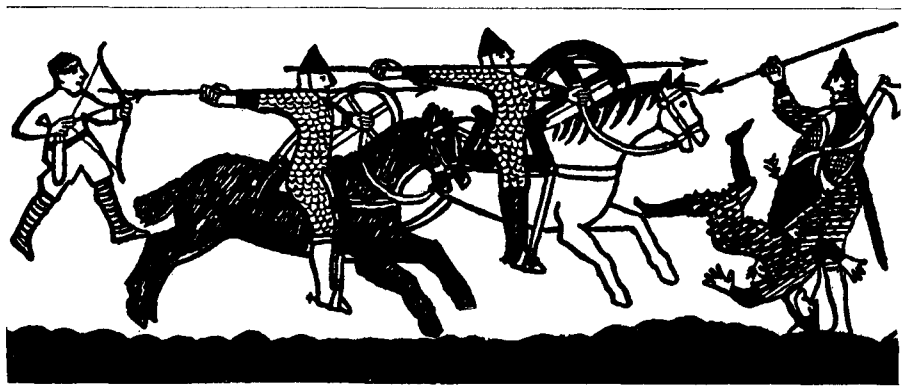
There is poetry and drama in the book in abundance. But both because of its length, and because it is a close-woven tapestry with multitudinous detail, it is not a book to save for a week-end. It will take you longer than that to finish it. It is the kind of book to sip leisurely like a wine with a fine bouquet. So far as I can tell, Mr. Cronyn has written with accuracy in regard to the events of the time and the details of life within it. He has written also with imaginative color and zest. Peire Vidal, the great troubadour, lives for us again as a thoroughly human character.

A Mirror for Snobs

SUMMER'S PLAY. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

TURN the usual Joe Lincoln story upside down, and you get the plot of this novel: the intrusion by *hoi polloi,* in the form of summer vacationers, upon the peace, quiet, and privacy of the landed gentry and established residents of Clifford's Bay, and the unfortunate effects on both sides. Beginning in a light-spirited vein of fantasy, Miss Stern amusingly characterizes both the vulgarity of the visitors and the snobbery of the home team—the snobbery being carried to the point of pathology by the Leigh family, who scrupulously keep their children from any contact with the intruders. The author is very good with the children: she shows how their peculiar combination of literalness and imagination converts their elder's prejudices into an elaborate fantasy; in their minds the Augs (short for August visitors) become a race apart from human beings.

The situation works itself up in a manner reminiscent of "The Innocent Voyage;" but the resolution is not up to the development. The first half of the book has many delicious moments; particularly the psychological explanation of such habits of Augs as leaving banana skins on beaches. But from acidulous and amusing irony, the story turns to violent action; and since the characters, presented satirically, have not been individualized, this comes out as melodrama. The end is straight Joe Lincoln, which is an anti-climax. One wishes that Miss Stern had allowed her penetrating frivolity to find its logical conclusion.



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "THE FOOL OF VENUS."

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Malefactors of Great Wealth

(*Continued from first page*)

living, like Mellon. The history of their business undertakings is always subordinated to their personalities. They appear as a group of scheming, battling, grasping giants, sometimes locked in open combat, sometimes fraternizing briefly, more frequently trying to stab one another in the backs, but always trampling viciously, as they sway back and forth, over the worker and the consuming public. Mr. Josephson is seldom willing to give them much credit for imparting superior efficiency to the American economic system. He does credit them with doing much to centralize it—all unconscious of the use to which such centralization would be put when there arose the ideal of the coöperative state which President Roosevelt now represents, or when perhaps later a strong socialist movement achieved power. He is too acute to fling reproachful epithets at them, being content to leave most of them looking rather contemptible. But he does imply blame for the system which spawned them; that careless, sprawling, laissez-faire society of the nineteenth century which admired successful greed, and even, as E. L. Godkin once wrote, thought that successful thieves were worthy of American leadership because they had "showed themselves so smart."

"THE CRUSADERS"—A CARTOON FROM PUCK

Henry Adams, Newton D. Baker, Ida Tarbell, and Lincoln Steffens are among the muckrakers in this picture who crusaded against the "malefactors of great wealth." Reproduced from "Bare Hands and Stone Walls," by Charles Edward Russell (Scribners).

To that large body of readers who know a good deal of our political history but very little of our economic history the book should be of peculiar interest. If it makes the most of many a story long familiar to students, it tells these stories with fresh gusto and often with fresh incident. We, of course, find here the familiar chronicle of how Commodore Vanderbilt watered the stock of the New York Central while Fisk and Drew looted the Erie. There is the familiar tale of Jay Gould's Erie manipulations, his Black Friday coup, his use of the Kansas Pacific and other roads to extort, by a colossal bit of blackmail, some ten million dollars from the already debt-crushed Union Pacific, of which he was supposedly the guardian, and his misuse of the Missouri Pacific. There is the now familiar story of the unsavory Civil War contracts in which J. P. Morgan first made himself known to the American public. There is the story of Collis P. Huntington's cynical activity in promoting his Western railroad interests in the fetid politics of Washington during the Gilded Age, as told in the famous Colton letters. There is John D. Rockefeller's ruthless extinction of individual business rivals, and his spoliation even of the widow who flung herself upon his mercy. There is William C. Whitney and the Metropolitan Traction stew for which Abram S. Hewitt told him to his face he should go to jail, and Yerkes and the still more brazen robbery of the Chicago taxpayers and investors. The book rises to a climax with the formation of United States Steel and the conversion of unparalleled quantities of water into gold, and with the battle of billions in the Northern Securities case.

While Mr. Josephson will be accused of overstatement, in some ways he might be reproached with understatement. Had he wished to swell a book already long, he could have added more chapters as lurid as any here. He says nothing about one of the most extortionate of all our attempted monopolies, the great combination of the anthracite railroads in the seventies. They tried to take our great Eastern cities by the throat and make them beg for coal at any price. He says nothing about the corrupt and merciless control of the people and industries of New Jersey for decades by the Camden & Amboy, and little about the equally remorseless control of half the Keystone State by the Pennsylvania Railroad. He merely mentions that classic example of railroad mismanagement at the expense of the public, the Baltimore & Ohio under the arrogant John W. Garrett. The tariff, in some ways the greatest racket of all, is left out of the picture. As a matter of fact, it was the tariff which enabled Carnegie and a few other steelmakers in the years 1878-1883, when industry awoke like a galvanized giant from the long paralysis following 1873, to take scores of millions in excess profits from American business.

Mr. Josephson's picture has unity, but to a considerable extent lacks perspective. The perspective of time, beyond doubt, will place certain figures in his catalogue much higher than others. Even that vigorous liberal, the late Herbert Croly, could speak in high terms of the constructive work done by J. P. Morgan, Sr., Hill, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and others. They were grossly overpaid for it, to be sure, but in the large view that fact was more or less irrevelant. No one is likely to quarrel with the unsparing way in which Mr. Josephson has dealt with Jay Gould, or Russell Sage, or H. H. Rogers, or even with Collis P. Huntington—whose marvelous grasp of business problems had its socially valuable side. But it is something of a shock to find Henry Villard included here among the strong-arm villains of finance, with little to distinguish him from the general pack. His railway operations, to be sure, were in some respects vigorously criticized by his own newspaper, the *Evening Post;* but in other respects they were beneficial to the West. So, too, with Jay Cooke. He had, like most Americans of his time, an avid taste for speculation, which was not satisfied till he had ruined himself and many an associate. But he unquestionably did valuable service to the government during the war, and we suspect it shows want of discrimination or perspective to speak of this service as "encroachment" and as "plunging his hands into the bottomless treasure-chest of the government."

But if Mr. Josephson is not always historically-minded, he has the force and eloquence of a born pamphleteer; and this interesting book is a pamphlet or polemic as well as a vivid picture. It bears a direct relationship to our own time. Anyone who believes in the New Deal must wish it the widest possible reading. It shows how evil the worst side of the Old Deal, the Raw Deal, actually was. To that phase of *laissez faire* we should never go back.

The Warfare of Tomorrow

CAN WE LIMIT WAR? By Hoffman Nickerson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

IT is now several years since, during one of the interminable conferences in Geneva, Guglielmo Ferrero put in my hands a recent volume of his, published under that saddest of all conceivable titles—"La Fin des Aventures;" and reading it I came upon that term, *La Guerre Hyperbolique,* which has since been universally accepted as best describing contemporary conflict. A year later, in the same place I sat under Captain Liddell Hart, as he lectured me upon what he described as the mechanized warfare of tomorrow.

To the school of Ferrero and Hart, Hoffman Nickerson unmistakably belongs, and his new book, "Can We Limit War?" shows plain evidence of exhaustive study of the ideas of both the British and Italian authors. By contrast, Hart, like Hilaire Belloc, has bestowed upon it his most enthusiastic approval. Such approval, too, seems to me fully deserved, for the volume is the sanest and most challenging American book on war I have yet encountered. Moreover, at the very outset, it is necessary to recognize that Mr. Nickerson writes as a realist and not as an emotionalist.

Thus the basic contention of the present volume is that war is itself inevitable. Accepting this premise there then arises the question—Can man limit the destructiveness of the conflict which he cannot prevent? According to Nickerson, "the permanent human factor which makes an endlessly unbroken peace impossible is that large sections of the human race have never been, are not now, and presumably never will be convinced that war is an unmixed evil." That, of course is the primary truth that it is impossible to bring home to American or British publics. For while these owe all of the advantages of their national circumstance to past wars, they have forgotten this circumstance with the passing of time. By contrast they do correctly perceive that for them war now could only constitute a peril without profit.

For myself, I confess to a certain disagreement in principle with Mr. Nickerson, because I cannot quite believe that if all peoples enjoyed the same measure of liberty and unity now belonging to the British and American, they would not have a similar repugnance for conflict. But since in practice all peoples do not enjoy such blessings and there is no prospect today that they ever will, it comes to the same thing. Wars are inevitable not perhaps because the combative instinct in man is ineradicable but rather because there always have been and are today many things which seem to peoples worse than war. And of these things physical or political slavery and national disunity are among the most obvious.

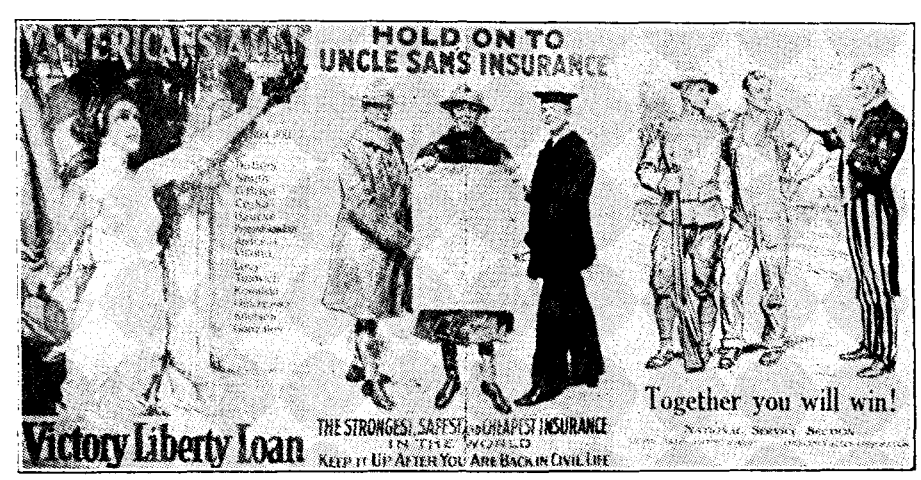
You can say straight off that all civilized peoples would hold war a lesser evil than continued existence under the conditions of the Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, and Southern Slavs of the pre-war era. You can say that for these races the World War was no more a crime or a futility than our own American Revolution for us or the wars which brought them unity for the Italians. You could say the same for the Germans, Hungarians, or Bulgarians today. But you cannot bring this point home to an American audience, and the result is that the whole discussion of war and peace in this country has been carried on in an atmosphere of unreality and the evident onset of a new war has surprised the sentimental peacemakers engaged in Byzantine discussions over Geneva doctrines.

Wars are inevitable, but they can be limited, contends Mr. Nickerson, and the proof is that they have been limited in the past. That limitation, however, he rightly contests, has nothing whatever to do with the materialist "muddle" which seeks to limit the nature, power, and deadliness of weapons. "What matters," he says "is first the will to fight, second the extent to which the community is involved in the struggle, third the amount of damage inflicted before the decision is reached." Thus "limited" war is war conducted for a restricted end, such as the Spanish-American or Russo-Japanese, neither of which was designed to destroy a combatant.

The wars of the eighteenth century were rigidly limited. They were fought by small professional armies. The stakes were border fortresses and provinces or distant colonies and naval bases. War was a thing apart from the civil populations which might indirectly suffer as the conflicts were costly but, for the rest, continued to live in peace. Here Ferrero and Nickerson are at one. But when the French Revolution came along the men of 1792 and the immediately following years had numbers made available by conscription, but the old professional army of the Ancient Régime had dissolved. The Revolutionary generals could no longer manœuvre, as Turenne and Saxe had done; they had to make mass replace manœuvre.

Napoleon came along in his turn and found numbers at his hand. He did not at first succumb completely to the temptation. But increasingly he yielded to the idea of masses until in the end he invaded Russia with forces beyond all reasonable limit, and the Grand Army perished as a consequence. But back of the idea of masses in Napoleon's mind was the idea of "absolute war." He set out to destroy his enemies, to destroy their armies first, then to transform their territorial situation as he did that of Prussia after Jena. Numbers, the character of the war, the objectives sought all combined to transform war from a fencing match between two antagonists to a life-and-death grapple between whole peoples.

After Napoleon fell, too, Europe couldn't get back to the old professional army. France tried it and built up an admirable professional army. That army was however, submerged by the numbers of the Germans in 1870, and all the military writers missed the fact that the cause of the defeat was not the superiority in numbers of the Germans but the incredible inferiority in leadership of the French. Bazaine, for example, had every chance at Mars-la-Tour. Foch saw that, when he began to teach, but he misread the meaning. He saw that Bazaine lacked the will



THREE AMERICAN WAR POSTERS

From "The March of Democracy," by James Truslow Adams.

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to victory, but he rashly concluded that the will would insure the triumph of the soldier over the machine gun. Also, he paid no attention to the lessons of the Civil War in the United States and the similar teachings of the Russo-Japanese War.

To a greater or less degree all the general staffs of the Continental nations started the World War with the idea that man could beat the machine if there were enough of him. Thus the French lost 700,000 men in the first weeks of the war and, as Winston Churchill justly points out, the French army never recovered from that blood bath. Haig and Robertson had the same notion in the bloody days of the Somme and Paschaendaele. All that was best in the youth of France, Britain, and Germany was destroyed in four years of war. But today, as Liddell Hart points out, the professional soldiers are still ready to start it all over again with a fresh supply of manpower on hand. War tomorrow like yesterday will be mass massacre. Will it also destroy civilization next time?

"Yes," says Nickerson, "unless we can break the vicious circle of democratic social passions, chaos leading to universal service, vehement nationalism deliberately organizing the military technique which had been the natural expression of social upheaval, then an increased dose of universal service, leading back to social chaos again." Which means, quite simply, that democracy was a revolt against social conditions, but when during the French Revolution it borrowed universal service and created conscript armies, then, resulting massacre produced new intolerable conditions and thus fresh revolt.

What is the way of escape? Obviously the modern machines, tanks, planes, etc., have prepared the way for the substitution of high training for huge numbers. The numbers themselves can henceforth have only small value. But if they are sent against the machines they will in due course of time be killed to such an extent that the consequences will be like those in the Russian army in 1916 and in the French in 1917. The possession of unlimited numbers, which ultimately went to the head of Napoleon, from the very start blinded his followers of the World War, who perceived how the great Emperor won battles with masses but overlooked the fact that he ultimately lost an empire by conscription.

Germany nearly won the World War, not because she had greater numbers than her opponents—she didn't—but because at the start she had better machines, and the Allies nearly crashed because they tried to use their superior numbers against the German machines. In 1918, however, Ludendorff undertook, in his turn, to use superior numbers against a foe whose machine power was now superior to his own. The result was that German manpower gave out and German morale cracked.

Like everybody else who has been wrestling with the problem of war and peace in our present time, however, Nickerson in the end comes back to the inescapable fact that even the limitation of war is a problem of the establishment of some form of order. He does not believe in the League of Nations but he does recognize that at the base of all order must be unity. The League is for him, however, only a world state little better than a mechanical robot. He is a nationalist after all, politically. But spiritually he seeks order through a reunited Christendom. Democracy, which brought conscription, is for him the enemy.

I fear I have done but scant justice to this book; it has too many sides, too many challenges, to make possible a coherent review. It is a series of stimulations rather than a single impact. But if I had my way I should prescribe it as compulsory reading for all those who are today engaged in peace agitations either at Geneva or elsewhere. I should not expect them to agree largely, but I should expect them, after reading it, to discuss the question of peace and war in a fashion at once intelligible and intelligent, which unfortunately is rarely the case now. With the pacifists I have no quarrel; they have an idea and the courage to stick to it which I, for one, respect, but with the professional peace-makers relying on incantation and terribleness, it is hard to have patience.

The Bowling Green

The Folder

It was specially interesting to see the old Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, friend of my boyhood, now transformed into a vast modern building. The new library, opened a year ago, is a triumph of architectural skill and planning. (The architects were Clyde Friz and Nelson Friz of Baltimore, assisted by E. L. Tilton and A. M. Githens of New York.) Perhaps we will always miss, in these most modern temples of library science, the good old musty air and romantic ugliness of the bookhouses of our youth, but the new kind of library is a whole university in itself. Mr. Joseph L. Wheeler, the curator of the new Enoch Pratt, sees a library in its most modern conception, a real power-house or storage-battery for the community. I was delighted by the twelve big show windows which run all along the front of the building. They are placed at convenient height for pedestrian study, and under the ingenious direction of Miss Gretta Smith a series of exhibits of all kinds—not only books but displays of scientific, artistic or historical material—are on constant display, changing every fortnight. The Edgar Allan Poe Room, in a quiet corner upstairs, is for secluded reading and is charmingly furnished like a private sanctum. It was opened lately with

THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY

a remarkable exhibit of Poe association books and articles lent by friends, and is already enriched by interesting gifts—a portrait of Poe by Thomas Corner copied from the daguerreotype at Brown University, and a bedside reading-stand used by Poe during his student days. This shows very plainly the circular imprint of what must have been a rummer of very hot toddy.

I was much pleased by Mr. Wheeler's insistence on suggesting to patrons of the library that printing and publishing are a living continuing reality. For in addition to portraits and marks of the early printers the great central hall shows a series of the devices of some existing publishers. Starting with the emblems of the Oxford, Cambridge and Harvard Presses, the frieze continues with the emblems of the following:—Harper, Appleton, Putnam, Little Brown, Scribner's, Houghton Mifflin, Dutton, Doubleday Doran, Century, Longmans Green, Macmillan, Henry Holt, Yale, Harcourt Brace.

I was particularly eager to see if any of the old Jules Vernes I had read thirty odd years ago were still in existence—particularly that grand one, the title of which I never can quite remember, about the steam elephant, apparently long out of print. Mr. Wheeler took me down into the vast stock-room, but we found only more recent reprints. They must have disintegrated long ago, he feared. When will some publisher make some of those lesser known Jules Vernes again available?

Speaking of public libraries, the largest one in Canada—Toronto—recently celebrated its 50th anniversary. Its distinguished chief, Mr. George H. Locke, made an interesting comment in his report on the year 1933:—

> Already we are feeling a certain amount of satisfaction in the falling off in the phenomenal use of the Circulating Libraries which was due to the depression of the past three years. The turning-point was in November, and we are gratified in following up the causes of decreases to find that the persons who had been spending their enforced leisure in reading literally hundreds of books have now got some employment and are reducing their reading to the normal quota. But we gained not only in circulation at the time, but, best of all, in new borrowers who had rarely, if ever, been in the Library, and who are now remaining with us.
>
> The Toronto Public Library during the years of depression has a marvellous history as an intellectual and moral therapeutic agent for the people in distress, and illustrates the great value of a trained staff who are interested, not only in serving the present taste, but in developing more and better tastes.

The Lincoln Chair

Sir:—The rocking chair in which Abraham Lincoln was sitting when he was shot at Ford's Theatre,—see the "Green" for February 17—has gone from Ford's to Ford's.

Henry Ford is the present owner of the tragically famous chair. It stands, glass-encased, in a corner of the Logan County Courthouse, so-called, in Mr. Ford's amazing Greenfield Village just outside Dearborn, Michigan. Its red damask remains as described, "worn, blood-stained and water-stained," and to look upon it is, as you can appreciate, a most "painful thrill."

The courthouse is the one in which Abraham Lincoln practised law in what is now Lincoln, Illinois. The building was erected in 1840 when the village (then known as Postville, I believe) was the seat of Logan County. The first floor was devoted to offices and the second floor to the country court. From 1840 to 1848 Lincoln tried cases there while travelling the old Eighth Judicial circuit. The building became privately owned in 1853, and Mr. Ford bought it from Judge T. T. Beach, of Lincoln, in August, 1929. When the courthouse was removed from Lincoln, the material filled two box cars. It was reported at the time that even the plaster from the walls was saved, pulverized on the spot, brought to Greenfield Village, and remixed for use in the restoration.

Naturally the building is now furnished with Lincolniana, including rails split by "Honest Abe." The rocking chair is on the first floor, in the farther right-hand corner. In the first floor fireplace, at the left as one enters the building, a fire is kept burning day and night, having been lighted originally by President Hoover in October, 1929, during the Edison Jubilee.

Helen C. Bower.

Detroit.

Adventures on the B. & O.

Sir:—In your columns (Bowling Green, Feb. 24) you reported seeing the Loch Ness Monster in New York Harbor; which was true enough. His subsequent adventures have been far more surprising. He was driven south by the cold; he was seen warming himself at the Baltimore *Sun;* he was seen in the Capitol. Over this, a veil; all that I wish to report is his return trip in the cab of B. & O. locomotive No. 5310, which is named *President Taylor.* I believe you once described how it felt to ride the locomotive of the Century Limited. It feels much the same to ride the *President Taylor,* with train number 528, twelve sleeping-cars, trundling after it. But the advantage of train 528 is that it leaves Camden Station, Balto, at 1:30 a.m., and at this season, as the *President Taylor* snakes around the curves, the headlight throws its beam on a snow-covered country. For all that you can see, you might be riding through a wilderness; and it is not the occasional red and green signal lights, but the little blue dwarf signals low down along the track, which deny the wilderness feeling and seem companionable. The furnace-lit cab itself is, as you have said, a grand place to ride; if you choose to stay awake all night (with a swig at the bottle of hot coffee now and then to see that you do) there is no grander place to stay awake in—and certainly no better fellows than the engineer and fireman. Once in a while Fate provides men with the most perfect names, or most perfectly inappropriate, for their profession. Take my word for it: the engineer of train 528 is Mr. Leisure, and the stationmaster at Jersey City, where train 528 pulls in at 6:40 a.m. on the dot, is Mr. Early. I might add that Mr. Leisure's private pleasure (like that of many a sea-captain) is farming; and that Mr. Early, for non-professional locomotion, uses a bicycle.

L. N. M.

(The Loch Ness Monster)

Two Suppressed Holmes Episodes

The number of allusions to Conan Doyle lately seems to me symptomatic of a widespread revival of interest in that admirable writer. A healthy sign, indeed; personally I confess a deliberated assurance that more intellectual vitamin, and even more sound bourgeois sociology, is to be found in Doyle than in a large number of Keyserlings and Spenglers. Good old Sir Arthur! is it not odd how poor a judge he was of his own work? He singled out as his favorites those obviously third-rate *Tales of Long Ago,* sentimental *gouache* (or do I mean goulash?) of Roman legionaries and Christian martyrs, etc. . . .

But to the point. If Mr. Vincent Starrett or other Baker Street Irregulars wish the Sherlock Holmes codex to be complete they must look at two stories in which Holmes is not mentioned by name but where he is certainly present by allusion. The episodes were probably suppressed by Watson because Holmes guessed wrong both times. The stories are *The Lost Special* and *The Man With the Watches,* both mystery tales laid in railway trains; and Holmes's interest in railroad romance is of course familiar to all. In *The Lost Special,* dealing with the complete disappearance between Liverpool and Manchester of a special train on June 3, 1890, you will find Holmes referred to as "an amateur reasoner of some celebrity at that date." He wrote a letter to the London *Times* of July 3, 1890, in which the familiar Sherlockian principle was stated: "When the impossible has been eliminated the residuum, *however improbable,* must contain the truth."

In the case of *The Man With the Watches,* which "filled many columns of the daily press in the spring of the year 1892," again we learn that "a well-known criminal investigator" wrote at length to the *Daily Gazette* giving his own reconstruction of the mystery. The letter has all the internal evidences of Holmes's style, though not at his best reasoning power; but it is the more interesting because this was during the time when Holmes—supposed by Watson to be dead—was travelling in Tibet. Even at that distance this remarkable man kept in touch with outrages in Britain. His special interest in this case was undoubtedly the fact that the persons involved were Americans. The number of American malefactors in Holmes's career has often been noted. Does not the typical Sherlockian touch appear in this remark about the unfortunate young man with the watches—"He was probably an American, and also probably a man of weak intellect."

You will find these two stories in the excellent omnibus volume *The Conan Doyle Stories* (John Murray, London, 1200 pp. for 7/6) which reprints all the doctor's short stories other than the Holmes episodes. It has been circulating in England for nearly five years. Among the many mysteries associated with Doyle none is more odd than the enigma of no publisher having issued it here.

Christopher Morley.

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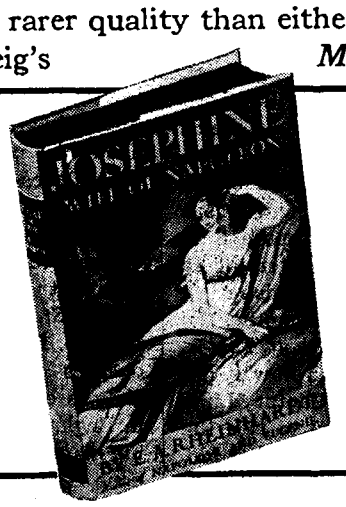

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Shearers and Sheep

WHO RULES AMERICA? A Century of Invisible Government. By John McConaughy. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AMERICANS are prone to think of the present, or at least of the seven decades since the Civil War, as the only time when venality and corruption have menaced the Republic. We like to think that before the middle of the nineteenth century our government, though crude, was a fairly undefiled democracy; that the rich and powerful had no more influence than their numerical minority; and that all this agonizing alliance between what Theodore Roosevelt called "aggrandized wealth" and pliable politicians is of modern growth, having its origin in our highly mechanized civilization. Apparently this belief is unjustified.

Mr. McConaughy's book traces the influence of money—organized wealth, if you will—from the days of the founding fathers—to whom he refers as the "funding fathers"—straight down through our American history. His story takes in the Hamiltonian period, when Hamilton denounced democracy and once tried to overthrow the Constitution he established. The narrative passes into the day when Patrick Henry "burned out, broken and impoverished, old man at fifty, became involved in the 'Yazoo land swindle,' wherein every member of the majority in the Georgia Legislature voting for the grant, save one, had been bribed. Henry found himself in possession of a large quantity of the floating paper, and when Hamilton succeeded in his scheme for par redemption Henry cashed in his paper at about nine hundred per cent profit, and became a staunch Hamiltonian overnight. And his own children refused to speak to him." This sounds rather modern—like "collusive bidding" on government contracts.

Mr. McConaughy's story runs from Jefferson's time to Jackson's and tells a dramatic story of Jackson's fight against Biddle of Philadelphia and the national bank.

The Jackson story is probably the most interesting one in the book. It lays bare the greedy forces in American government trying to control federal machinery in the interests of organized wealth. Apparently the modern contest between "the malefactors of great wealth" and their victims, the common tax-paying people, has been a continuous one. It is, "Freedom's battle, once begun, bequeathed from bleeding sire to son," in America.

Always in a democracy there will be the shearers and the sheep. But it is interesting to read this narrative of the age-long tussle in the sheep pens, which is our country. It is Mr. McConaughy's thesis that "the tariff wolves of Pennsylvania and New England saw their fat sheep escaping and they did not intend to suffer such a loss." Hence, the stand of the North against the right of secession. It is an interesting hypothesis that this slavery quarrel had a basis in the greed for tariff benefits.

The author's study of the tariff is not a first-rate achievement. Others have done it better. He uses the tariff as a symbol in the historical pageant depicting the altruistic and egoistic forces of our national life. The tariff bridges the stories from Jackson's day to Grant's. From then on, of course, it is easy going. Mr. McConaughy has before him the Credit Mobilier and the railroad scandals of the seventies, the whisky ring, and the well known exposures of the era from Hayes to McKinley. His book, however, is unique in that it is a consistent, unbroken record of the struggle between the forces of democracy and the forces of plutocracy. It is not, however, a communist tract, for its author reveals his faith in democracy. It is a hopeful book, on the whole. Its cynicism is the hum of the gadfly that stings the people from their sloth and slumber.

Mr. McConaughy died last October, after a newspaper career which began on the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*. He came to New York, worked for the Hearst papers, became interested in sociological problems, went down into Hell's Kitchen and lived and worked there for a considerable time. He went to Washington to head the news censoring board, under George Creel, during the war. Before he died he published a history of racketeering entitled "From Cain to Capone." The book "Who Rules America?" is written in a forceful newspaper style, and shows wide reading and careful selection of dates. Mr. McConaughy had a flair for episodes, anecdotes, wise saws, and modern instances with which to illustrate his tale. It is a book which well might be used as supplemental reading in any course.

Songs of Other Days

THEY ALL SANG—from Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée. By Edward B. Marks. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS B. HART

THE extraordinary interest shown of late years in the songs of other days is reflected in the group of volumes published within the last decade. We have the Frontier Songs, Spirituals, Hill Billys, and the encyclopedic "Song Bag" of Carl Sandburg; Sigmund Spaeth's "Read 'Em and Weep," Frank Shay's "Drawn from the Wood," Sailor and Soldier Songs, Chantys, and Plantation Melodies. The latest number, "They All Sang," is a most remarkable collection of ballads with stories concerning the origin and history of inspiration and production. Mr. Marks is thoroughly familiar with his subject, and not only gives us an excellent story of the variety stage and its stars, but also tells his own story of song-plugging and putting over his wares whether they liked it or not. Mr. Marks started in the gay nineties and as a composer probably won his laurels with the lugubrious plaint "My Mother Was a Lady." Once established, success continued, and the author is today one of the most successful music publishers in America.

Reminiscences, memories, and regrets are recurrent and mark the contrast of today. Songs of the last generation remained in vogue and sales ran up into the millions of copies; vaudeville has passed away, the cinema and the radio have changed the entire picture. Many excellent songs are published as specials and theme songs for the motion picture. If the picture is a flop the songs are lost and are seldom heard unless converted into dance numbers. The radio brings out the crooners and in many instances arouses interest in the old songs which many of us believe have not been improved upon by the modernists.

This compilation of songs with the incidental running history of the singers and actors will be a delight to many whose memories will be refreshed with the intimate stories of Harrigan & Hart, Pat Rooney, Tony Pastor, Koster & Bials, Lillian Russell, Maggie Cline, Lottie Gilson, Cole & Johnson, Williams & Walker, and many other stellar lights of burlesque and minstrelsy.

In one particular Mr. Marks's volume is supreme—in the number of illustrations of title pages, portraits of bygone stars, and the music of many of the songs and choruses showing the development and change of public taste from Stephen Foster up to George Cohan, Irving Berlin, and Jerome Kern. Another feature is the appendix containing a record of the Famous Names in Minstrelsy alphabetically arranged with a description of the specialties of each performer. A list of 1545 "Songs Outstanding in My Memory" indicates the care and study which have made this volume not only a delightful story to read but a book of reference worthy of the highest commendation.

England is to have a new magazine of fiction, a bi-monthly entitled *Short Stories*. In introducing it, its sponsors state: "A great deal of remarkable work in this genre is being produced, but very few channels are open to it in the established monthlies or weeklies." The journal is being launched by H. E. Bates, Arthur Calder-Marshall, Hamish Miles, Edward J. O'Brien, L. A. Pavey, and Geoffrey West.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME LITTLE GOSSIP

HARRIETTE ASHBROOK, of Coward-McCann, Inc., writing of the changed date of publication on *MacKinlay Kantor's* "Long Remember," a Literary Guild selection, puts the facts in an amusing way. "Publishers," she says, "with nothing else to do, sit around and change publication dates just to make it harder for book reviewers and booksellers. Things were dull in the Coward-McCann offices the other day and the publication date of MacKinlay Kantor's book was changed still again from April 2 to April 5." . . . She also gives me news of the *Wilders* of New Haven, a remarkable writing family. *Thornton* has now commandeered the Wilder home for auctorial pursuits, and *Isabel* has betaken herself to the home of a neighbor whose eight children are away at schools and who therefore has many empty rooms where one can write in quiet. *Charlotte Wilder* is at "Yaddo" on the Trask estate up the Hudson, a colony for writers and other artists, which has been quite flourishing lately. Coward-McCann are publishing Isabel Wilder's new book, "Heart, Be Still," in May. . . . Covici-Friede have become the official publishers in America of *Professor Albert Einstein.* They will issue both his scientific and non-scientific works. The first book of his they will publish, a translation from the German, called "The World As I See It," will come out either late this Spring or early next Fall. It contains Professor Einstein's meditations on subjects ranging from science and economics to religion and politics. . . . I have always been a rooter for *Oliver La Farge's* Southwestern Indian novel, "Laughing Boy," and now learn that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expect to release the picture based upon it the latter part of March. *Ramon Navarro* and *Lupe Velez* have the chief roles. . . . And Coward-McCann now have on their list an American novel in verse by the gifted brother of Oliver, *Christopher La Farge.* It is called "Horcsie Sells His Acres." . . . That admirable young English actor, *Emlyn Williams,* whose performance in "Criminal at Large" I witnessed and applauded heartily, has written a play called "Spring, 1600," which has just been put on in London. It deals with theatrical matters at the opening of the seventeeth century, and the great *Shakespeare* has a "bit" in it! *Richard Burbage,* who inherited his father's share in Blackfriars Theatre and an interest in the Globe Theatre, and acted as a boy in the theatre in Shoreditch, is one of the chief characters of Mr. Williams's opus. This Burbage rose to be an actor of chief parts in plays by *Shakespeare, Ben Jonson,* and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher.* He was considered a fine tragedian. Then, in Mr. Williams's play there is the excellent idea of *Ann Byrd* who runs away from home and becomes a boy-player for Burbage (in the days when boys took women's parts on the stage) without his suspecting her sex. She falls in love with him, but eventually goes back to Essex and marriage. They say the backstage life of the Burbage company is delightfully done. And it is the clown of Shakespeare's company, *Will Kempe*—the same who danced a nine-days' morris from London to Norwich—and *Salathiel Pavy,* the boy actor "so beautifully lamented by *Ben Jonson,*" who incite *Anne* to run off to London. . . . Altogether (although, if it were produced here under its present title, the populace would deem it a play centering upon a telephone number) I can imagine much entertainment in Mr. Williams's creation. *John Gielgud,* that other fine English actor, has produced it. I, for one, hope it will get a chance in New York. . . . I can recommend two recent Harcourt books, one having to do with writing and one with the language we writers use. *Dorothea Brande's* "Becoming a Writer" (out March first) is positively the best book for a beginning writer I have ever come across. *C. K. Ogden's* "The System of Basic English"—and *H. G. Wells* predicts that Basic English will become the official language of the world—will fascinate you with a new controversial subject. That book also was issued on the first of March. . . . It was natural for *Sinclair Lewis* to list *Fannie Merritt Farmer* as one of the five important American authors, because he has been writing, in "Work of Art," of hotelkeeping, and her "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" has sold enormously. Who are his other choices? Let's see. *Charles M. Sheldon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Arthur Brisbane,* and *Laura Jean Libbey.* What do you think of that? . . . How would you like to be with *T.S. Stribling* and his wife at this moment? They are outwitting winter by sailing on the French line for a three-weeks' cruise of the Spanish Main. . . . Perhaps you have been following "*Baron Ireland's*" mild ravings about his famous cat, "Krazy," which have busted from time to time in and out of "*F. P. A.'s*" column, *The Conning Tower,* in the *New York Herald Tribune.* As a cat lover, if only from the sidelines, I'm glad Baron Ireland has made a book of his verses, and that Doubleday, Doran is going to publish it next fall. It is to be illustrated, and the title will be "Our Cat." . . . If you are an admirer of the writing of *Thomas Burke,* as I am, you will wish to see his "The Beauty of England," containing superlative comment upon all varieties of the English scene, and published by Robert M. McBride & Company. As early as page 44 I ran across something about the Vale of Chalk. He says it is not much visited by tourists, but I remember having been there. There is Broad Chalk and there is Bower Chalk; each he calls "a village of pale tints." And listen to this:

> Broad Chalk was for many years the home of *John Aubrey,* the antiquary, but today, if you ask about famous figures, you will be told of *Maurice Hewlett,* who occupied the Rectory for some years, and to whose memory a stone has been erected in a hollow of the downs. In his later years the creator of those fiery romances *Richard Yea-and-Nay, The Queen's Quair,* and *The Forest Lovers* became a passionate lover of the soil, and he wrote of the country like a true countryman.

Opposite that page is a lovely reproduction of a photograph of "The Sir John Barleycorn, Cadnam, New Forest." What trees and what an hostel!

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE

Theodore Morrison, Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf, Vermont, has sent the following item concerning the 1934 session:

> The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference announces that for its 1934 session, to be held during the last two weeks of August at Bread Loaf Inn, Vermont, several fellowships will be available for candidates to be proposed by publishers. The fellowships will pay all expenses at Bread Loaf during the term of the Conference, and the successful candidates will only have to provide their own travelling expenses to and from Middlebury, Vermont. Candidates may have published much, little, or nothing. All that is necessary is that they should be men or women ambitious to advance in the profession of writing and promising enough to have aroused the interest of a publisher. No formal duties or obligations attach to the fellowships, and they are offered in the hope that they may bring to Bread Loaf people who are capable of profiting by the advice and criticism of the distinguished authors, editors, critics, and the like, who serve on the staff.
>
> Any book or magazine publisher may make nominations, which should be sent to the Director of the Conference, Theodore Morrison, 8 Mason Street, Cambridge, Mass. Letters inviting nominations have been sent to a wide list of publishers and editors, but it is hoped that any who may have been inadvertently overlooked will feel free to forward their suggestions also.
>
> The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference presents each year under the sponsorship of Middlebury College a program of background talks, round-table discussions, and individual personal conferences for criticism of manuscript. The chief branches of writing—the novel, the short story, verse, plays, essays and articles—are dealt with. The staff this year will include *Hervey Allen,* author of "Anthony Adverse"; *Bernard DeVoto,* novelist, writer of short stories and articles, author of "Mark Twain's America"; *Walter Prichard Eaton,* in charge of playwriting at the Yale School of the Drama; *Julia Peterkin,* Pulitzer Prize winner in the novel; *Gorham B. Munson,* critic, editor, lecturer at the New School for Social Research; and *Raymond Everitt,* head of the New York office of Curtis Brown, Ltd., literary agents.

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—Christopher Morley

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The PARIS FRONT

By MICHEL CORDAY

● John Chamberlain, *N. Y. Times:* "How real it seems! It is the finishing touch to the general picture of the war which has been painted by Remarque, by Arnold Zweig, Barbusse, by Robert Graves, by Siegfried Sassoon and by Ernest Hemingway."

● Charles Hanson Towne, *N. Y. American:* "Like a machine-gun never ceasing to rattle out its sharp little sounds, is 'THE PARIS FRONT' by Michel Corday . . . an angry, sardonic, ironic list of notes, the reading of which sometimes sends a shudder down your back, and at other times is cause for grim laughter. . . . Often in a line or two he says more than many garrulous journalists have been able to say in thousands of well-chosen words."

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● Stanley Went, *The Saturday Review of Literature:* "It constitutes one of the most interesting records of the war that have yet been published. . . . The future historian will consult it, not for factual information, but for its flashing sidelights upon men, events, and emotions in France during the war years. The present-day reader will relish its wit and its wisdom . . . the real wit and the spicy anecdotes that are freely sprinkled through the pages, add an undeniable piquancy to the diary."

● Joseph Shaplen, *N. Y. Times Book Review:* "What Remarque and others have done for the front lines, M. Corday, in his own way, has done for the 'home front.' The result is a powerful picture of the stupidity, heartlessness, corruption and the whole measmic atmosphere of war. . . . The book is positively devastating—and prophetic of what the hatred born of the war would do long after the war was over."

● Ben Ray Redman, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books:* "He had the wit to keep a diary, and it is likely that his wit will secure for him a certain modest share of what mortals have agreed to call immortality. Certainly his diary is as yet without a rival. It holds a unique place in the vast body of war literature . . . a priceless source book for future historians. . . ."

● H. N. M., *Philadelphia Inquirer:* "The World War has already produced so many books that it seemed almost impossible there should be another so different, so devastating, yet at the same time so witty and realistic that it could attain success. But 'The Paris Front' will undoubtedly do just that. . . . The volume has real historical value. It is a unique record, ironic, truthful."

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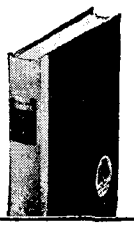

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Professor of Romance Languages
The Ohio State University

The marginal notes which Voltaire with his own hand made on the pages of Rousseau's works reveal these two picturesque and opposing personalities in sharp contrast. With no fear of the censorship, with no thought of unwanted readers, Voltaire could, and did, express his frank opinions, often in characteristically colorful language. As a result, the points of agreement and disagreement between these two leaders of eighteenth-century thought are made to stand out clearly by the juxtaposition of these marginal notes and the passages of Rousseau to which they refer. The author has accompanied the publication of these marginalia with sufficient explanatory comment to show their background and significance. Not least interesting is the fact that many of the questions raised by these eighteenth-century thinkers are still burning issues of the present day.

The material presented in this monograph of about 200 pages is based upon original research in the Voltaire library at Leningrad. It is the first complete publication of the Voltaire marginalia on Rousseau. A facsimile reproduction of an annotated page of particular interest appears as a frontispiece. *Price,* $2.25.

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A Crowded Record

TIA BARBARITA. Recollections of Barbara Peart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE extraordinary old lady who writes these recollections would seem never to have heard of that "real" Irishman — brooding, mystical, touched with bitter irony—who has been contrasted so frequently of late years with the "wild" Irishman of old-fashioned stage and story. Anything "wilder" than the Barbarita who went out to the Argentine as a young bride nearly sixty years ago, or than most of the Irish ranchmen whom she knew there, could scarcely be found in Lever's pictures of the hard-drinking, fox-hunting Irish society of the early half of the last century or even in the English and American stories and plays which we have been assured were ignorant parodies.

Mrs. Peart, born O'Loughlin, in so far as she is revealed through her memoirs, seems to have been almost without what is called an "inner life"—to have galloped through her crowded career, headstrong, at once generous and improvident, hard-bitten and kindly, as innocent of introspection as one of her own half-broken horses.

The Argentine part of her life is the most interesting. It is far enough away, for one thing, to stand out with the undimmed clarity with which one looks back on the high-spots of one's youth. The *pampa* itself, in which the lonely *estancias* lie like islands in a sea, naturally increases this clarity, and then the whole scene of the Argentine Wild West of the '70's and '80's has an exotic picturesqueness which is scarcely true of Barbarita's memories of Texas (which followed the Argentine, after the Pearts, characteristically, had lost everything they had sunk in the *pampa* ranch) or of her experiences as a sewing-machine agent in various cities of Mexico. The experience of having a wild birthday-party momentarily disturbed by three or four tame ostriches stalking into the dining-room to swallow an assortment of table-silver and some of the ladies' combs and necklaces isn't, for instance, something that happens everywhere!

Barbarita must have had the constitution of an ox. Those five accouchements as a rancher's wife—one of them with nobody but her quite inexperienced husband to help her—were enough to have finished most civilized women. Barbarita not only survived all of them, but was up and doing again after each in five days, and all the babies lived. She is now seventy-nine; of her seven children, six are living still, and she has twenty-nine grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.

Barbarita knew the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz well and lived in some half dozen of its cities. She and her husband—from whom she lived apart, but without ill-will on either side, for various periods in her later years—went "bust," sold out at a loss, scraped funds together somehow and started all over again, goodness knows how many times. The last time Barbarita sold out, after her husband's death, she fulfilled a vow that if ever she could afford it she would go and see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. With nine of the twelve thousand pesos she paid her debts, with the remaining three she made the journey. What she thought or felt about the Passion Play, when she finally saw it, she characteristically doesn't say.

She was always a devout Catholic, which helped her much in making friends with the Mexicans, and in her middle age was tireless in establishing schools and hospitals, in nursing the sick, and helping all sorts of strange characters. A dashing beauty, evidently, in her younger days, and so healthy that she never had to consult a doctor but once, and then for shingles, she continued, when almost eighty, "as happy-go-lucky as ever, and still happiest when surrounded by lots of people." An indomitable, tireless spirit, and a curious, crowded record, into which the soliloquies and moralizing must largely be put by the reader himself.

Marriage à la Mode

CITY HARVEST. By Margaret Cheney Dawson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

"MARRIAGE à la mode, a thick pragmatic slice of conjugality, a dainty crust of 'illicit' affairs and on top of both the great vanilla blob of good manners. It was considered tasty. She had an appetite for it herself." Carol Marsh, wife of Alec, not only had a taste for it, but she indulged her taste. Somewhat sated with her husband, she accepted the dainty crust offered her by Austin Lowdy, but before the end of the New Year's Eve on which this story opens and closes, she decided that he too could not satisfy her hunger, and returned to nibble on the thick pragmatic crust.

Against the background of a party or so, Mrs. Dawson manipulates this very slight tale, and a very thin confection it remains, despite the dressing she gives it, of "witty," frivolous conversation, of New York atmosphere among the fashionable artistic-business set, of a modified stream-of-consciousness technique applied to the inner conflicts of Carol, Alec and Austin. Although there is an occasional touch of insight illumining her two-dimensional figures with a light that evidences an understanding of people that might be more solid if she cared to make it so, Mrs. Dawson's novel acts on the literary palate more in the manner of a canapé than a roast-beef. For though she has bent every effort in an attempt to achieve implications that simply do not emerge from the slight fable, she decorates her writing with occasional imagery so inept and extravagant that it falls completely short of evocation, and her characters think and speak a tongue never heard on land or sea. Once more, an effort to objectify the artificial gives us no more than the artificial; once more, an effort to reveal the deep emotions that see beneath the bland surface of the sophisticate, offers us the flip, the dancing-with-tears-in-my-eyes, the wry joke, and the understatement. And once more we become aware that the artificial is not expressed by being artificial; the powerful emotion simmers down to surface-titillation, the jokes are somewhat pale, and the understatement masks a thin emotion.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHISPERING TONGUES *Laurence Kirk* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Poisoning case in English village poisons minds of inhabitants against two suspects. On recovery, local characters find real killer.	Though published as another "Before the Fact," interesting for mystery, not psychology. Human characters, absence of sleuth, make it unusual.	Very Good
MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH *Agatha Christie* (*Dodd, Mead:* $2)	Much-murdered corpse on snowed-in Trans-European train puts Hercule Poirot on his mettle.	*Sauce piquante* of super-deduction brilliantly disguises fact that dish itself is largely moonshine.	Swell
THE MYSTERY OF THE CAPE COD TAVERN *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Asey Mayo takes charge when dagger murder flutters hostel crammed to gables with suspectable literati.	Ending excepted, Asey's fourth case is long on Cape Cod drawl and short on action.	Sluggish
THE SHADOW IN THE COURTYARD *AND* THE CRIME AT LOCK 14 *Georges Simenon* (Covici-Friede: $2)	Bluff Inspector Maigret, best of French detective creations, solves two full-length crimes with swiftness and *eclat.*	Scenes in Parisian tenements and country canals faithfully painted in mysteries with more "charm" and personality than shivers.	Readable

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The New Books

Art

THEATRE ART. By Lee Simonson. Norton. 1934. $3.

This is the bound catalogue of the Theatre Art exhibition which the Museum of Modern Art is now showing. Mr. Simonson has spent many months diligently gathering together material for this exhibition from all of the important designers abroad and in this country, from Inigo Jones to Robert Edmond Jones. It is a notable collection and Mr. Simonson is to be complimented for the general air of distinction which it bears. All of the designers' drawings and models are indexed in the catalogue and some seventy-five drawings are well reproduced and give an excellent indication of the visual tendencies of the theatre of today, in America and abroad. This material is supplemented by a series of essays. Lee Simonson writes trenchantly on theories in the development of scenic background; Allardyce Nicoll writes of the masque designs of Inigo Jones; John Anderson describes all the charm of the eighteenth century Swedish theatre at Drottningholm; Paul Alfred Merbach describes the conditions of the modern German scene; Oliver M. Sayler indicates the place of the designer in the Russian theatre today; and John Mason Brown gives much vitality to his piece on the American designers. It is regrettable that the publishers have printed on the book's jacket that "Theatre Art" is by Lee Simonson. Mr. Simonson would be the first to deny it. He is really its impresario and deserves all praise.

ART YOUNG'S INFERNO. New York: Delphic Studios (9 East 57th Street).

A great fellow, Art Young! One of the older Americans along the lines of the late Eugene Wood, father of Peggy Wood, the actress—a man Mark Twain would have liked—an old time humanitarian who prefers Gene Debs to James Whitcomb Riley—but could have been pals with either. Thank God for such Americans as Art Young! He admits he's an arrant sentimentalist, and he is. He is always for the under dog just because it's the under dog. But he has more intelligence and heart and guts than nine-tenths of these newer, smarter Americans, who are smart enough to be crooked but not smart enough to help make this country a better one to live in. They're the cold, slick article and they flourish like the green bay tree. They're just the opposite of Art Young.

This old-fashioned socialist has got out a new book on Hell, a blazing satire on our American civilization. He is an A Number 1 draughtsman, and his is an Inferno of gorgeous irony. All we are going to say here is that it's the best book of drawings in a blue moon, and anyone's a fool who doesn't get a chance to look it through. It's the way we are and don't know it. It is Art Young's life work—and three cheers for him!

W. R. B.

Biography

JULIA NEWBERRY'S SKETCH BOOK. By Tracy D. Mygatt. Norton. 1934. $2.50.

The shade of Julia Newberry must walk disconsolate at the book which has been put forth in her name. For surely her own lively sense of the ridiculous would have been prompt to discern the pretentiousness of according an entire volume to her sketches and to decry the cloying twaddle which precedes them. Had she been in very truth a Frances Burney, instead of merely a charming and precocious young girl with a clever pen and pencil, an eye for the absurdities of society, and a delightful directness in recording her impressions, even then there would have been no excuse for the sentimental biography which constitutes the greater part of the volume. The feelings and friendship of two girls of twelve and fourteen, leading the conventional life of a Swiss boarding school, neither beset by outside problems nor given to introspection, afford little that is worth publication unless the hand that transcribes them has the transfiguring touch which makes them literature. Miss Mygatt, who is the daughter of the Minnie Clapp who was to be co-heroine with Julia Newberry in "The Life of Two Future Old Maids" which the sketches here included were designed to illustrate, has recounted a succession of trivial incidents and conversations, related to her by her mother (in school, and still, the admirer of Julia) and what is worse she has steeped them in sentimentality. A single chapter would have sufficed for background to the sketches which are themselves sprightly, clever, and entertaining, charming as was Julia Newberry's "Diary" itself. They should have been published as illustrations or addenda to that journal and not have forced the sort of padding which their separate appearance made necessary. Excellent reproductions, they would have added another attraction to an already winsome book.

A. L.

Fiction

THE YOUNG MANHOOD OF STUDS LONIGAN. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Farrell comes from Chicago and he knows its streets. There could be no question of that even in his first novel, "Young Lonigan," which was published two years ago. Nor in the inferior "Gas-House McGinty," his second. Nor in his present and third, in which he follows pool-room Lonigan from his seventeenth to his twenty-eighth year, from 1917, when he was undiseased, athletic, and tough, until New Year's, 1929, when he sprawls in the gutter, drunken, puffed, and already old. With complete truthfulness Farrell shows his hero in the surroundings from which he has come.

Hence we see Lonigan eating bananas to gain weight so he can enlist, playing at war with tin-cans, drinking and fornicating, going to confession, gambling at cards and pool and craps, persecuting negroes and Jews, painting houses for a living, trying to reform, getting diseased, listening to vulgar priests, going down and down and down to his slushy end. These are the externals, we might say the habiliments of the portrait. They give the hard detail of how the softening develops.

But we for one understand Studs more because of what he feels about Lucy, the girl he loved more than he would admit and sometimes kissed when he was younger; the girl he was too tough to show his feelings to, then; the girl he takes years later to a showy dance but cannot speak to; the girl he rumples and permanently offends in the taxi after the dance. In these passages Farrell writes with a strange, bitter, defeated quality, as the poet of frustration. And when he pictures the quiet kindness of Studs's father, in contrast to the extreme worriment of the rest of the family, the first time the lad returned home very late, or the heart-break of the mother the Christmas night she first saw him drunk, then we see where Mr. Farrell's greatest power to move the reader lies. It is not in being hard-boiled and external.

His problem is to find characters who can enlist and symbolize more fully such feelings as these. If he can do this, and somehow pit such characters against the Lonigans, he will put issues into his work which do not exist there now. He might possibly then write such a protest against the degradation which he has seen, that men, reading, would say this must change, and would not rest until it had.

J. M.

RAIN ON THE MOUNTAIN. By Green Peyton. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.

A distinct advance in craftsmanship, subject-matter, and general solidity over his first novel, "Black Cabin," which dealt superficially with the ultimately boring

(*Continued on page* 529)

What do you like in a man?

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- ☐ BEAUTY
- ☐ CHARM
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D.D.

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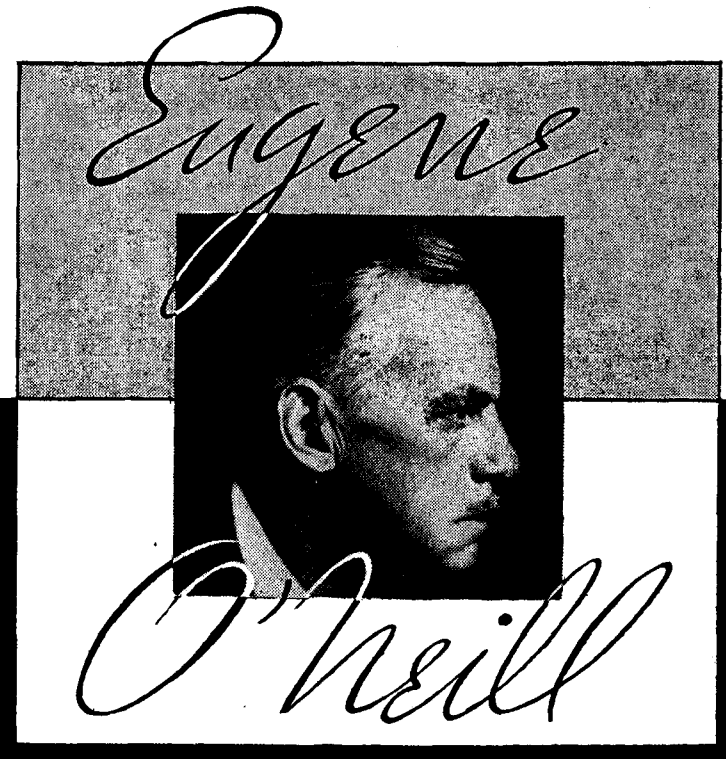

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PROBLEMS OF THE DAY

LETTERS to right of us, letters to left of us, backward we slide as the weeks roll along. Instead of diminishing, our unanswered Clearing House correspondence keeps gaining on us all the time. We were in such despair about it this week that instead of tackling it nobly over the holiday as we had planned we turned tail and fled, managing by dint of two nights on the sleeper to spend one day out of its reach in an up-State town. Well, we're worse off than ever now that we're back, for the first mail on Friday brought us eight inquiries and others dribbled in during the course of the day. But we're glad that we went and saw a young couple started blissfully off on its honeymoon, even though we did have to wait in a cold station until two in the morning for a train which had given up the ghost somewhere beyond Buffalo, and only recovered our bag, which the porter had sent off on a lonely trip on another train, at about four o'clock at Syracuse. It gave us a sense of having some acquaintance with the section of the world from which some of our clients write. We were part of the way, as a matter of fact, on the road to *Nela Park, Cleveland, O.*, from which *J. C. S.* sends us an inquiry for "some sort of a general knowledge book which would treat of the various current problems and conditions of the day, explaining clearly such things as the present tariff set-up, banking and money layout and how it functions, governmental activities, foreign relations, etc." As a matter of fact, we've been in Nela Park, having driven out from Cleveland to see the General Electric Works. But that's neither here nor there. What's important is the books for which J. C. S. asks. He'll find, we think, much information in line with his needs, effectively presented and pertinent to the hour, in Stuart Chase's THE NEW DEAL (Macmillan), Henry P. Fairchild's PROFITS OR PROSPERITY? (Harpers), in MODERN PROBLEM BOOKLET, NO. 19, issued by the American Educational Press of Columbus, Ohio, and in a pamphlet by Harold Rugg and Marvin Krueger entitled STUDY GUIDE TO NATIONAL RECOVERY (Day). This last is a brief, but carefully arranged, analysis of current governmental and economic trends, equipped with excellent classified bibliographies. It costs only twenty-five cents, and is well worth the money. A recent English book which should be of exceeding interest to J. C. S., if he is desirous of getting perspective on world affairs as well as national, is G. D. H. Cole's GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS (Knopf), a panoramic survey which is as informed as it is balanced, the work of an eminent British economist whose leisure moments (we say it with unction if without appropriateness) are spent in writing detective stories. Two other volumes which might make fruitful reading for him are George Soule's A PLANNED SOCIETY (Macmillan), and William MacDonald's THE MENACE OF RECOVERY (Macmillan), the latter a work just off the press, which has sorely hurt the feelings of the Roosevelt enthusiasts.

PAMPHLET LITERATURE

We mentioned a pamphlet above which is one of an excellent series issued by the John Day Company. The forty-one booklets contained in the series are largely controversial in subject, with interest centered in the main on sociological and economic issues. But it is catholic enough in scope to contain such titles as ARNOLD BENNETT HIMSELF, by Rebecca West, ALICE THROUGH THE CELLOPHANE, by E. B. White, a satire with present times for its theme, and FRESCOES FOR MR. ROCKEFELLER'S CITY, by Archibald MacLeish. This is a pamphlet series which *R. DeW. of Humboldt, Iowa*, who asks for material of the sort, ought to look into. There are a number of similar publications which should also prove useful to her. Such are the READING WITH A PURPOSE series, issued by the American Library Association, of which almost seventy numbers have appeared, ranging in subjects from art to science to literature. Very compact little studies these are with useful bibliographies. The A. L. A. has recently launched a new series, EXPLORING THE TIMES, of which the name indicates the character. In line with this last series is THE NATIONAL CRISIS SERIES of Teachers College, very good and up to the moment. There are twenty-seven booklets in the group sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, including such titles as SCIENCE IN THE WORLD TODAY, WONDERS OF THE SKY, CHEMISTRY OF TODAY, and OUR TREES AND SHRUBS. The Foreign Policy Association has initiated a pamphlet series with THE WORLD ADRIFT and SOVIET RUSSIA, and more discussions of international affairs are to follow. There is, of course, the extensive series of tracts issued by the Oxford University Press for the Society of Pure English, which contains a variety of philological and literary discussions. The University of North Carolina has a useful series of EXTENSION BULLETINS and OUTLINES FOR INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP STUDY, and the University of Chicago has much valuable pamphlet material. The foregoing are merely some of the outstanding series, but by no means all of them.

BOOKS ON SPAIN

The University of North Carolina series contains a bulletin which may interest another of our correspondents,—*E. M. L. of Cambridge, Mass.*, who wishes "the names of a few books which give detailed description of modern Spain and travel therein, and a book of necessary words or phrases that would acquaint one with the necessary terminology for a short sojourn in Spain." For one of its booklets is A TWO YEAR COURSE IN SPANISH, WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR A THIRD YEAR. This costs only thirty cents and should serve as a simple introduction to the study of Spanish. Ginn publishes a book by A. L. Coester entitled A YEAR OF SPANISH, which should also start a potential student off on the road to knowledge of the language. T. P. Terry, whose guide to Mexico is perhaps the best book of the sort which has been produced, is the author of a conversation book entitled, NEW SPANISH-ENGLISH-ENGLISH-SPANISH POCKET INTERPRETER. This costs fifty cents in paper binding, and is published by the author in Hingham, Mass. A reliable small dictionary is the NEW POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE SPANISH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES, put out by Nelson. Equipped with these, and with Muirhead's NORTHERN SPAIN WITH THE BALEARIC ISLANDS and SOUTHERN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (Macmillan), or the old faithful Baedeker (Scribners), E. M. L. would have a good springboard to her travels. There's nothing, of course, like Muirhead or Baedeker for exactness and comprehensiveness of

(*Continued on next page*)

What 10 Men

would you take to a desert island?

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D.D.

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A DIME BUYS AN ARGUMENT

MAYBE you're an Irishman afire with the thought that the Irishman is the world's most romantic and effectual lover. If so you'll be just as indignant as was our own Irish *ERNEST BOYD* when he discovered that our other editors, *GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, SHERWOOD ANDERSON, JAMES BRANCH CABELL,* and *EUGENE O'NEILL,* had slipped one over on him and accepted for the March issue of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR Dubliner Kathleen Burke's lambasting of

THE IRISHMAN AS A LOVER

•

PERHAPS you're an average American who thinks the last war was a purely altruistic affair and that America did not profit financially therefrom. If so you will be wild-eyed when you read A. A. Boublikoff's (ex-Minister of Russian Railways') remarkable article in the March AMERICAN SPECTATOR on

ALLIED DEBTS AND EDUCATION

and you will certainly be surprised at his suggestions and unique conclusions.

•

MAYBE you think the Australians are a praiseworthy people. If so, you'll mash your peas when you read what St. John Ervine has to say about them in his

IT'S NOT CRICKET

in the March AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

•

MAYBE you read the *Saturday Review of Literature* for the sake of its charming and distinguished editor—then you'll be indignant when you read Charles Angoff's (American Mercury's Managing Editor's) gentlemanly nose-thumbings in his MASTER CRITIC in the March AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Or forget the arguments . . .

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THE PERSIAN MERCHANT AND THE RED ARMY SOLDIER,

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by T. SWANN HARDING,

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FAILURES—AND WHY.

There is more in this excellent March issue—much more. All for ten cents. Ask for it at your newsstands—or if you live in the sticks, send us the dime and you shall have your copy pronto.

P. S. So many answered our last ad thusly: "How much," they queried, "costs THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR on a yearly basis?" $1.25, say we, in U. S. and Possessions—$1.75 elsewhere. 3185 people buy their AMERICAN SPECTATOR direct from the makers. You too?

P. P. S. 3c in stamps brings a back copy to your door for conversion purposes. Want one?

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

EDITED BY

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ERNEST BOYD

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

AND

EUGENE O'NEILL

12 E. 41st St. N. Y. C.

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The Clearing House

(*Continued from preceding page*)

information. They, to our mind, are the *sine qua non* of travel, and we'd like to erect monuments to Baedeker (who happens to be the one we have almost exclusively used) in every country of Europe. Impersonal Baedeker who is occasionally betrayed into sentiment! We remember the start of excitement with which as our train passed through the region of Lake Trasimenus we came in our CENTRAL ITALY upon Baedker's pronouncement: "The reminiscence of the sanguinary victory which Hannibal gained here over the Roman consul C. Flaminius in 217 B. C., imparts a tinge of sadness to this lovely landscape," and went on to read that "the memory of the streams of blood which once discolored the lake at this spot (Passignano) survives in the name of Sanguineto, the village to the N. W. of Tuoro." And we still hear in memory the sighs of the anguished Athenians which rose to our mind as we sat on the terrace of the Hotel Villa Politi, and looking over the magnificent quarry which fell away in a blaze of flowers below us, read Baedeker's "It was probably here that the 7000 captive Athenians languished." He knew how to choose his words to evoke pictures,—did Baedeker. Yes, and because we wander off to talk about Baedeker instead of sticking to Spain is the reason that our correspondence mounts ever higher and higher. We ought to indulge in no excursions. But sometimes our enthusiasms get the better of us. However, we're back at Spain now. If E. M. L. wants less formal guides than those we have mentioned she might try A SATCHEL GUIDE TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (Houghton Mifflin), by W. D. and F. S. Crockett, or Thomas Cook's HANDBOOK, SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (Cook), or Robert M. McBride's SPANISH TOWNS AND PEOPLE (McBride). Then there are M. H. Harrigan's TRAVELLING LIGHT (Brentano) and A. L. Kramer's MOTORING THROUGH SPAIN (Southwest Press). So much for the guides. Now if E. M. L. wants to read some books which will give her an insight into the Spanish people, their manners, customs, soul in fact, she will find several volumes that should start her off on her trip not only with interest but understanding. For she can get information from so acute a source as the gifted Salvador de Madariaga, Oxford lecturer, ambassador, and Spanish government official, who has written an illuminating account of his people in SPAIN (Scribners), or in Havelock Ellis's sensitive, subtle, and discriminating THE SOUL OF SPAIN (Houghton Mifflin), or—and this is more descriptive than analytical—in Karel Capek's gay and charming LETTERS FROM SPAIN (Putnam). And we suppose it might be a wise provision to read Ernest Hemingway's DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON (Scribners) just to see how Spain's national sport is regarded by one who looks upon it as art rather than blood lust.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 527)

activities of a group of Virginia adolescents, Mr. Peyton's second effort has at least a few adults to offer, as well as a more adult attitude in general. Though Cabell Blake, at twenty-eight, talks and behaves with the consistent puerility of Mr. Peyton's "Julian" in "Black Cabin," he is more than amply offset by Hunter Armistead, the character whose spiritual conflict makes up the bulk of the novel.

Returning to Virginia after eight years in the North, Armistead, who had yearned for the static background of his youth and thought his return would be permanent, shortly found himself involved in the anachronistic behavior of his friend, the wealthy, petulant Cabell, who saw himself in the role of a romantic figure and felt it incumbent on him to act as such. "I don't care for poverty," he said. There was practically nothing he cared for, but himself, and his life would furnish a fine case-history for the communists, of the spiritual death implicit in the social system of which he was, in his own eyes, so shining an example. He met destruction, quite logically, at the hands of an irate brother whose code he thoroughly approved, and Armistead was left to marry his mistress Joan, though both of them were conscious of the compromise they were making with their mutually unrequited loves.

This situation Mr. Peyton develops consistently and with expert motivation, and though he is given, especially in the latter half of his novel, to rather tricky manœuvering of plot and character, it may well be that he will abandon the artful dodges of the merely clever novelist, and eventually rely on an unmistakably evident ability to deal with character on its own terms.

A. C. B.

Religion

GOD OR MAN? By James H. Leuba. Holt. 1933. $2.75.

No one should turn to this book seeking either metaphysical supposition or theological apologetic. Its title might mislead some. The book is concerned with that which we have come to expect from Professor Leuba, namely, a study of religion from the viewpoint of a common sense, scientific psychologist. One could easily imagine that Professor Leuba would like to believe in a God, but as a result of his study of the psychology of primitive religions, of magical practices in religion down to the present day, of "conversions," of mystical experiences, and the like, he can see in God only a helpful (as well as at times, baleful) idea, the creation of bewildered, superstitious, and needy people. It is the old, old story of the "wish being father to the thought," and any validity the God-idea may have is not in its objective or metaphysically supported reality, but solely in its efficaciousness; he is saying in effect, "if it helps; keep it." He can see the use of a God or gods, but paradoxically, there should be no need for them.

According to him, God-ideas are of three kinds: Nature-gods, Ancestor-gods, and Creator-gods. Of the belief in immortality he says that it had two separate sources; it arose out of the idea of "ghosts," which in turn came from dreams and visions, and it arose out of a wish, the "creation of desire," which was the expression of the hope that death was not the answer to all our striving.

Professor Leuba is at his best when he is describing the motives which help men formulate their religious ideas, and when he is enumerating and explaining the discoveries and cures which modern psychotherapists have evolved, in other words, he is at his best when he is the psychologist. But when he waxes unduly phlegmatic, as he does when he discusses the Christian religion, one feels he loses in direction and effectiveness what he gains in vigor.

As regards the moral and ethical problems which confront modern society, he advocates the use of what he chooses to call the "indirect" method of help, that is, for dogmatic teaching and indoctrination (the direct method) he would substitute a variety of what might be called environmental conditionings (psychotherapeutic healings, social changes, mental stimuli, suggestions, etc.). The mind is for him an entity, though he never defines it, and this belief in the mind is perhaps what saves him from being a thorough-going behaviorist.

Professor Leuba writes interestingly and provocatively, and all the while illuminates his views with case studies, both clinical and historical, which serve to establish for him a real basis in scientific fact. His book should prove to be of worth both in the limiting of the extravagant claims of religionists to effect "cures" and in the removing of the limitations placed by opinion on the work of competent psychotherapists.

E. D.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Essays in Criticism. Univ. of Calif. Pr. *The Epigrams of Callimachus.* Trans. Gerard Mackworth Young. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.50. *Romance in Iceland.* Margaret Schlauch. Princeton Univ. Press. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

Hugh Swinton Legaré. Linda Rhea. Univ. of North Carolina. Pr. $3.

DRAMA

Contemporary Drama. European Plays. IV. Selected E. Bradlee Watson and Benfield Pressey. Scribners. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Graded Objectives for Teaching Good American Speech. Dutton. $1.50. *Children Far and Near.* William E. Grady. Paul Klapper, and Jane C. Gifford. Scribners. 76 cents.

INTERNATIONAL

Church and State in Latin America. J. Lloyd Mecham. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. $4.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

S. O. S. David Masters. Holt. $2.50 *Ma'asch Book.* Moses Gaster. Jewish Pub. Soc. 2 vol. *The Jingle Book for Speech Correction.* Alice L. Wood. Dutton. $1.60. *When Good Fellows Get Together.* Fred W. Swan. Reilly & Lee. *Poultry Production.* William Adams Lippincott. Revised Leslie E. Card. Phila.: Lea & Febiger. $4. *What Shall We Drink?* Magnus Bredenbek. New York: Carlyle House. $1.50. *Radio Talks on Religion.* Ed. Leonard Hodgson. Morehouse. $1.75. *Asthma, Hay Fever and Related Disorders.* Samuel L. Feinberg, M. D. Phila.: Lea & Febiger. *A Diabetic Manual.* Elliott P. Joslin, M. D. Phila.: Lea & Febiger.

RELIGION

The Path of Prayer. Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton. $1. *The Life of Christ.* Vaughan Stock. Holt. $2.

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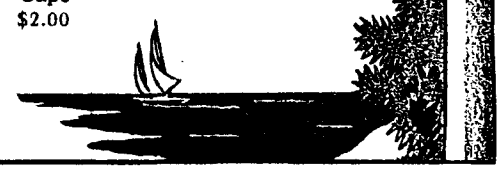

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. . . . . DICKENS

The Life of Our Lord, being "The History of Our Saviour, Jesus Christ," which CHARLES DICKENS set down in his own hand solely for the eyes of his own children (completing the thirteen chapters between 1846 and 1849) will be published for the first time in book-form on May 15, 1934 by *The Inner Sanctum* of SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

By arrangement with *The London Daily Mail*, which acquired the world rights from the estate of the last surviving son of the novelist, SIR HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C., first publication of the book will be simultaneous in London and New York, following completion of newspaper serialization by The United Features Syndicate.

Full publication plans for *The Life of Our Lord* are now being prepared and a detailed announcement will be issued as soon as possible by

ESSANDESS

LET the Oxford Dictionary say what it all means—

A (one, but no matter which)

Warning

(what is said)

To

(in the direction of, not short of)

Wantons

(luxuriant, wild, unchaste)

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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calls this book "A doorway to the greatest monument of spiritual literature." Examine for yourself its unusual features of Selection, Translation, Chronological Arrangement, Introductory Essays, Modern Format. **THE SHORT BIBLE** is an ideal book to read, or to give, this Easter season. **$2.00**

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The Quercuses are much pleased with W. W. Norton & Company's new series of reprints, the White Oak Library. The first four titles are Suzanne LaFollette's *Art in America*, Lewis Mumford's *The Golden Day* and *Sticks and Stones*, Everett Dean Martin's *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*. The format is unusually attractive; the price $2.00 each. The Oak is the family tree of this department, and we wish Mr. Norton's new venture many profitable acorns. ☞Stuyvesant Van Veen, whose drawings are familiar to our readers, believes that talent for drawing and painting is often latent in writers, and that it often "yields an entirely new vocabulary of sensations." His art class for writers meets Tuesday evenings at 39 West 67 Street. ☞Poor Old Quercus, easily aghast, was startled to receive a list of "exotica, curiosa, sexualia, amatoria," etc., all bound in parchment or vellum, profusely illustrated, and among the titles appears the N.R.A. eagle and the motto *We do our part.* ☞We are interested to note that the much admired *World's Classics* series (Oxford Press, 80c each) is adding occasional books of quite recent date; e.g. Harold Nicolson's delightful *Some People.* ☞But the special protégée of the series is Constance Holme, four of whose novels are already in the World's Classics. We have always liked the sound of Miss Holme's titles—*The Lonely Plough, The Old Road from Spain,* etc.—and wish someone would read them and tell us about them.

WHITE OAK LIBRARY

⁂ ⁂

☞*Burrows Book Chat,* from Burrows Brothers, Cleveland, tells us that Oliver Wendell Holmes's bookplate showed a cross-section of a chambered nautilus. ☞The Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47 Street, always hospitable to new ideas and intuitions, is the official agency in the U. S. for *transition* and *Experimental Cinema.* There has been so much winter lately that Miss Steloff and her young ladies have been considering building a snow-man in the Gotham Book Mart's famous back yard. ☞When things are very lively in the *Saturday Review* office, and the Mermaids don't take time to go out for lunch, they order a carton of chick-bean soup from the Sarazin Restaurant, 66 West 45; it smells very good. ☞At Yonkers Tea Room in Des Moines, every Friday afternoon, Edith Webber reviews four current books for the customers. The announcement says "Reviews, including Tea, 35c."

⁂ ⁂

☞When you think that publishers key their blurbs a little high, think of the circulars advertising Oriental dancers. One before us says "Shan-Kar's dances deal with love. They play its whole octave of emotions, ranging from enchantment, melancholy, and opulence to erotic ecstasy, rising finally to their culmination in the rarefied air of divinity . . . dripping with the lore of centuries and the lushness of religious ritual." ☞But what interests old sedentary Quercus is that a performance of these Hindu saltations was sponsored by the American Friends Society (Quakers) who have certainly been defrosted in the general bonfire of civilization.

⁂ ⁂

☞Mr. W. S. Hall, 500 Fifth Avenue, is undertaking a Conan Doyle bibliography for the Baker Street Irregulars. He notes in Arthur Rogers's catalogue (Newcastle-on-Tyne, England) Doyle's excessively rare first appearance in book form, *Dreamland and Ghostland* (3 vols., 1886).

⁂ ⁂

☞Increasing use of the photograph in book advertising and on jackets piques our curiosity. Who posed for the man in the Wanted-for-Murder poster on the jacket of *Richardson's Second Case?* Who posed in the title role of *The Case of the Lucky Legs?* How much did she get? Obviously she is not the same pair of legs to be seen in the current Kayser hosiery advertisement. (This also counts as literary ad, since the model is displayed holding a book of verse, only you can't quite make out what the book is.) The two-column ad for Spud cigarettes in last week's issues of *Time* and *The New Yorker* shows a lady reading *The Case of the Lucky Legs,* but she doesn't seem to be enjoying either the book or the cigarette. It's all very mystifying.

☞News from Greenwich Village: Chase Horton of the Washington Square Bookstore expects a good sale for George Cronyn's novel, *The Fool of Venus.* We haven't heard him speak with so much enthusiasm for any book since *Mutiny on the "Bounty."*

⁂ ⁂

☞James Norman Hall tells delightfully in the March *Atlantic* how his interest in H. M. S. *Bounty* began many years ago when he bought a volume of the *World's Classics* series (Oxford Press) at Brentano's in Paris. ☞Our favorite poem this week is the one Emile Gauvreau wrote, some years ago, when he was assigned to cover a meeting of highbrow poets in Greenwich Village. They said he was only a tabloid reporter and wouldn't let him in. To prove his spiritual rating he improvised a poem which at once admitted him:—

God is an elephant I know,
For there are peanuts in the snow.

☞The poetry societies have been pursuing him ever since for further contributions, but he is pretty busy as managing editor of the *Mirror.* ☞George Pearse Ennis, the distinguished painter, is at work on a water-color portrait of the Three Hours for Lunch Club at session in the kitchen of a 45th Street auberge.

☞Old Quercus keeps hearing rumors of an opera called Merry Mount—has this any connection with D. B. Updike's famous Merrymount Press in Boston? ☞We like the sound of the *Science Novelettes,* authoritative essays in various fields of research, $1 each, published by Williams & Wilkins of Baltimore. The series includes such alluring titles as *Man's Chief Competitors* (economic entomology), *The Queen of the Sciences* (mathematics) *and Telling the World* (communication). ☞We were sorry to read of the death of Sam Loyd, the old *maitre* of the puzzle industry. His immortal *How Old Is Ann?* was the sensation of our algebraic youth. According to the New York *Times* the answer was 16½. ☞The compliments paid to James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* seem to Old Quercus well justified. It is a brilliant tour de force in narrative; brutal but compelling.

⁂ ⁂

☞Mr. August W. Derleth follows up our plaintive wail for copies of Dorothy Sayers's first two books:

> About *Whose Body?* and *Clouds of Witnesses.* I know there must be many who would dearly love to own these volumes. . . . Why not suggest to Harcourts that they bring out the *Dorothy Sayers Omnibus,* printed last year in London? I may be in error, but only by one title if so, but I think that this volume contains *Whose Body?, Clouds of Witnesses, The Dawson Pedigree,* and *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club;* this last title is one of my favorites—that very amusing opening chapter, for one thing.

⁂ ⁂

☞Harpers report that *The Ladies,* a first novel by Stanley Hopkins, published last September, will be republished on March 9th. They explain: "Because of the fact that in this country it was published at a time when it was swamped in a flood of books by famous authors, it is now republished in the hope that it will reach the wide audience it deserves." Seven editions of the book were sold in England, and it has been purchased for publication in Sweden and in Denmark. ☞This is the second time we have recently heard of the experiment of republishing a first novel to give it a better chance for success. Duttons have done the same thing with *A Gay Family* by Ethel Boileau. This column would welcome factual reports of the results.

⁂ ⁂

☞We are delighted with a publicity note currently issued by Harcourt, Brace:

> The publishers of Virginia Woolf's *Flush* have been informed by a rental library in Hampton, Virginia, that one of their patrons recently returned a copy of the book in a disgracefully dilapidated state. The corners of the covers and a dozen or more pages were entirely eaten. The miscreant was the borrower's cocker spaniel. He had never before paid any attention to books, but for *Flush* he had a mania and begged for it continually when it was taken away from him. His mistress paid for the book and took it home to him, evidently quite appreciative of his discernment and taste, and sure that either jealousy or admiration for the famous spaniel agitates her pet.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45*th Street, New York City.*

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WASHINGTONIANS who are unattached, not quite young, and sometimes lonely address Box 372.

DOES this modern life perplex you? Claire—young, understanding, psycho-analyst—solves personal problems gratis. Box 523.

WESTERNER, Northman, novelist, orator, broadcaster, nationally known, alone and lonesome in East. A companionable lady could do some missionary work. Box 524.

GIFT SHOP, Massachusetts, wishes unusual things, small lots. Description, price, first letter. No wholesale houses. Box 525.

SOMEWHERE there is an attractive girl (about twenty-three) interested in sports and salon, active, congenial, idealistic but no prude. Here there is an older boy of similar characteristics. They ought to meet! "Chesterfields."

PROFESSIONAL criticism, suggested revisions, market tips. Staff successful fiction and screen writers, members Screen Writer's Guild, Associates Author's League of America. Rates $5.00 per manuscript to 5,000 words. $1.00 per thousand words additional. Fee, plus return postage must accompany manuscript. Stories criticized by us, showing screen possibilities, personally submitted to studios ten percent commission if sold. Author's Assistance League, 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

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INTELLIGENT young man wishes help with a higher education. Best of references. Christian Yankee.

JAMAICA, Scotsman 30 with plantation 450 acres, pimento, copra, bananas, cattle. Desires partner to develop Virginia tobacco. Slave-built house, 1,600 feet up, overlooking Caribbean. Suit married man wanting healthy, profitable life. Box 526.

YOUNG WOMAN—cultured, refined, take charge and teach motherless child. Box 528.

THE Mount Holyoke College Library would be glad to obtain manuscripts regarding Mary Lyon, Mount Holyoke alumnae, or the history of the college. Bertha E. Blakely, Librarian.

THE WORKSHOP—Manuscripts typed, forty cents a thousand words; correcting, revising, research; reasonable rates. 92B Pinckney Street, Boston.

WELL EDUCATED lady, experienced secretary returning from Orient April would like to correspond with educated man preferably widower between forty and fifty with view to companionship and to assist him in his work. "Quest."

NEW YORK. Does anyone know where one (or more) may dine reasonably, far from jazz and cheap entertainment, in a cozy, intimate, slightly Bohemian atmosphere with *good* music. "Grateful."

YANKEE in Trinidad, 31½, wishes correspondence; would reminisce of old New York speak-easies, likes chess, reading, drama. LESBIE.

Scolded
by many critics—but England's "best-seller"
A WARNING TO WANTONS
D.D.

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PERSONALS

IF THERE is such an animal as an intellectually inclined Southern Californian would like to hear from it. Jeanne.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, 28, nice, intelligent, independent, far travelled, perhaps too sincere, wants to meet girl under 26, under 5 ft. 3, not too pretty, but nice looking, intellectual, broadminded, unsophisticated, financially disinterested, who likes music, hiking, has a sweet, steadied disposition. Should live New York to Richmond, Va., be a good correspondent. Box 527.

POSITION WANTED—Part- or full-time secretary-stenographer in or near Evanston, Illinois. By young woman, college graduate, for five years secretary to Harvard professor. Box 529.

WOMAN BROKER will find market for anything saleable from needles to threshing machines. Box 530.

WRITER, 29, college graduate, male, five years residence Paris seeks editorial position firm or individual reading manuscripts, research, re-write work, etc. Salary secondary. Reading, speaking knowledge French. Box 531.

WANTED—Adventure. Transport and military pilot, fully equipped still and cinema photographer explorer, thirty and unattached, good shot, will fight, film or fly anywhere. Risk or distance immaterial. Box 532.

SHORT-STORY writer, female, settled age, bubbling with plots, desires advice or cooperation. It's a try! Box 533.

TUTOR-WRITER, former supt. private schools, lecturer, author numerous published magazine articles, outstanding appearance, qualifications; young man, 41. Traveled. Resident or traveling teacher. Modest stipend. "Useful."

EX-COLLEGE boy, broke, homeless, wants work. Anywhere, anything. Jack.

HOMEMAKER - COMPANION — Cultured, intelligent young lady. Anywhere. Box 534.

WOMAN, publishing experience, wishes affiliation with publisher as secretarial assistant; capable handling detail. Box 535.

SURGEON, explorer, ex-naval officer, 42, combatant A.E.F., graduate of Heidelberg, experienced all ports of the world, especially South America. Necessity urgent, ready anything where discretion and experience valuable. Box 536.

IS THERE a man over 30 and unattached who likes chess, bridge, and conversation? *Becky Sharp.*

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BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIAN HISTORY and economics, pre-war and Soviet publications in English and Russian. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

DESIDERATA

WEEKLY BARGAINS. Marine Research Soc'y. Pub. Chapelle. The Baltimore Clipper, 1930, $6.00. Anderson. The Rigging of Ships 1600-1720, 1927, $3.00. Davis. Ships of The Past, 1929, $6.50. ISAAC MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 ANN STREET, N. Y. CITY. BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1894.

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CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Twenty Questions

HIGH time for another contest, what with this department's having lacked one since mid-November. The autumnal tourney, our more indignant subscribers may recall, concerned itself with the first sentences of books. A member of the *Saturday Review* staff thereupon confronted the conductor with another list of first sentences, of which the conductor almost recognized one, and this list will be printed in due course. Meantime, as a relief from the one-pattern contests, a miscellaneous assortment of queries is herewith offered. The whereabouts of the answers is the twenty-first question —*circumspice.*

1. What contemporary English author's father was a professional cricketer?
2. Amplify and elucidate the initials of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.
3. What American poet published his first book while employed as an elevator operator, meeting the printer's bill by selling copies to his passengers?
4. Arrange these, the titles of the Barsetshire novels, in chronological order: The Warden, Barchester Towers, Dr. Thorne, Framley Parsonage, The Small House at Allington, The Last Chronicle of Barset.
5. Give the original titles of the poems now popularly known as "The Old Oaken Bucket" and " 'Twas the Night before Christmas."
6. What was the earliest American novel with a college setting?
7. Who said of what book: "I knew very well what I was undertaking,—and very well how to do it,—and have done it very well"?
8. Which, if any, of the following titles should be hyphenated: Ben Hur, Moby Dick, White Jacket, Outre Mer?
9. What were the full names, as recited by the authors, of McTeague in "McTeague" and of Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights"?
10. What English poet was born the same year as Whitman and Melville, lived at Charleston, South Carolina, from his fourth to his tenth year, spent eleven years at Oxford as undergraduate and fellow, published his first book the year in which Joel Chandler Harris was born, travelled to America the year in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published with Thackeray and Lowell as fellow passengers, tutored Harvard students and contemplated establishing a boys' school here, returned to England eight months later, married the year "Walden" appeared, and died the same year as Elizabeth Barrett Browning and in the country where Robert Browning was to die a generation later?
11. Identify the author of

    There was a small boy of Quebec,
    Who was buried in snow to his neck;
    When they said, "Are you friz?"
    He replied, "Yes, I is—
    But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

12. Where were the following periodicals of the nineties published: *The Lark, The Bibelot, The Philistine, The Chap-Book?*
13. In what state was the Pike County which was celebrated in John Hay's "Pike County Ballads"?
14. Identify the following places in Thomas Hardy's novels: Casterbridge, Christminster, Ivell, Melchester.
15. Name four Victorian novelists each of whom had a brother who was also a novelist.
16. Who, according to Tom Sawyer, were the first two disciples?
17. What were the first names of Crabb of the "Synonymes" and of Roget of the "Thesaurus"?
18. What American poet inaugurated his literary career with his only novel?
19. What Shakespearean tragedy contains in the first sentence two proper names which are perpetuated in those of Hudson River communities? What two of the historical plays contain each in the first sentence the name of a city in Pennsylvania?
20. What Roman poet was unafraid of the big bad wolf?

J. T. W.

Dostoyevsky Illustrated

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Fyodor Dostoyevsky. I. Translated by Constance Garnett. Illustrated by Boardman Robinson. New York: Random House. 1933, $3.50. *II. Translated by Constance Garnett. Introduction by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Illustrated by Alexander King. New York: Limited Editions Club.* 1933.

IT is seldom that a reviewer of books who is primarily interested in their typography has before him such a problem as is presented by the two editions of "The Brothers Karamazov" listed above. In the matter of size and number of volumes alone is their superficial difference, for singular as it is, each edition is set in exactly the same face and size of type, each has lithographed illustrations, and each utilizes the same translation!

The Random House edition is designed by Mr. Josephy in one stout volume, printed on white paper and bound in black cloth with gold stamping. It is a remarkable lot for the money, being readable, not unwieldy to hold, and a good looking "trade" book. The title page is unusual and well handled.

The other edition, printed by Mr. Updike, is in three volumes, on a cream paper, and bound in paper sides and cloth back. The paper is apparently a new development in ornamented papers, being decorated with a sort of marbled pattern produced by manipulating a mixture of paste and ink on its surface. The volumes are small octavos, easy to handle and to read. There are rigid, not very pleasant initials of Slavic design.

The illustrations in each volume have been reproduced by the same lithographic process, but whereas Mr. Robinson's are scenes from the novel, printed in monochrome, Mr. King's are character studies, printed in black and two shades of blue. I personally can see little to choose between them, and cannot get excited over either. This is not to say that they are not well done, but only to say that in what they say and how they say it, I happen not to be much interested. It seems to me that they hardly add to the interest of the story.

There is a compactness about Mr. Updike's volumes which is of the essence of good book making I believe, little as it seems to count in the printing of books at the present time. There is only praise to be given for the type—Granjon—used in both volumes, but Mr. Updike's lines are shorter and therefore more readable. On the whole his work is better than the other edition—and it sells for more.

R.

A Christmas Carol

STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT: A Christmas Song by Franz X. Gruber and Josef Mohr. New York: Privately printed by Melbert B. Cary, Jr. 1933.

THIS is an excellent Christmas book, giving the history of the song "Silent Night, Holy Night!" Both words and music were written in 1818, the one by the minister of the church in Oberndorf, Austria, the other by his organist. Mr. Cary has written fully of the circumstances, and has thrown in for good measure reproductions of Gruber's statement of the writing, done in 1854, a picture of the memorial in the church at Oberndorf, translations of the statement and of the song; and there is a note by Mrs. Cary on the music today. The book is printed in a new type of Mr. Goudy's—Goudy Text—at the Press of the Woolly Whale.

R.

CLASSIFIED

COLLECTORS' CONTEST

TWENTY ANSWERS—1. H. G. Wells's; 2. Emma Dorothy Elizabeth Nevitte; 3. Paul Laurence Dunbar; 4. Correct as given; 5. "The Bucket" and "A Visit from St. Nicholas"; 6. Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828); 7. Samuel Johnson of his "Dictionary"; 8. All; 9. McTeague and Heathcliff; 10. Arthur Hugh Clough; 11. Rudyard Kipling; 12. San Francisco; Portland, Maine; East Aurora, New York; Chicago; 13. Illinois; 14. Dorchester, Oxford, Yeovil, Salisbury; 15. Wilkie Collins and Charles, George Gissing and Algernon, Charles Kingsley and Henry, Anthony Trollope and T. Adolphus; 16. David and Goliah (*sic*); 17. George and Peter Mark; 18. Walt Whitman; 19. King Lear (Albany and Cornwall), Richard II (Lancaster), Richard III (York); 20. Horace: Odes I, xxii.

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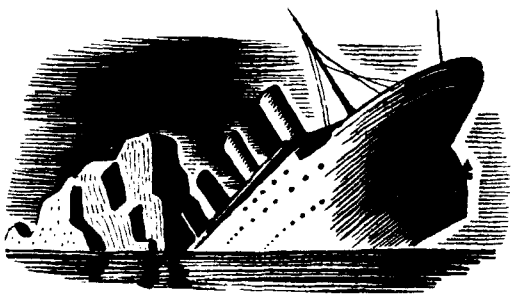

"... RUSH her blindly in the dark through a sea infested with icebergs. One of these ripped her open as easily as if her thin plates had been paper, and so gently that her passengers only knew that the throbbing of the engines had ceased and the unsinkable ship lay calmly at rest on a glassy sea. Not long afterwards it began to dawn on them that she had been deemed too safe to make it worth while to provide boats for more than a minority of those on board. And imperceptibly, inch by inch, with her lights blazing and all her splendour intact, the great Unsinkable was settling down in the icy water—not all the resources of science and skill of seamanship availing aught for the fifteen hundred trapped souls who remained after the last boat had pulled away."

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